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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME I — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1925 — NUMBER 28

Education for Authors

PUBLICLY, everyone commends education; privately, many condemn it. "He was ruined by a formal education" is a familiar statement; as familiar as "Thanks to escaping a formal education, he became a writer of real originality."

There is truth in both remarks, but not the truth which the speakers, indulging in the supercilious pose of the emancipated mind, believed they were uttering. Education is the most pervasive and lasting of influences, especially a bad education, and if it gives the mind rules without power of thinking it handcuffs the intellect to convention. And it is equally true that the naturally fine mind which has to educate itself, and *does* so, is unbeatable. So is the castaway on the desert island who survives by learning to subsist on his own resources; but we do not recommend desert islands as a universal experience.

When education is no more than discipline—and the idea that it should be just discipline lurks in many a teacher's consciousness—it crushes the buds of originality as fast as they put out, but to grow undisciplined minds is not the answer to the problem. It is a hundred times easier to point out men and women of distinction who have suffered for lack of a formal education than the reverse.

This country is a classic example, for almost since the founding of the republic we have had a more or less—chiefly less—effective elementary education, and abundant instances where self-education was the only way to get beyond it. The tragedies and mishaps of American literature are more often due to this self-education than to the formalities of rigorous discipline.

The New Englanders in literature were perhaps miseducated for the profession of *belles lettres*. If Emerson had been more conscious in the Harvard of his day of anything æsthetical that was not at the same time mathematical or moral, the result—for his poetry especially—might have been excellent. And one feels that Longfellow's severe training in linguistics over-developed the imitative already in his nature.

The real illumination comes when one turns to the self-educated Americans who also were men of genius—the tragic Poe, for example, with his gift for critical penetration and his quivering sense of beauty. His stories are marred by extravagances, his poetry breaks from its best into defects of taste, his mind, in spite of its keen sense of form, cannot control its richness, and is always pursuing half philosophies, and taking refuge in assumptions of range and profundity. It is inconceivable that more formal education would have tamed his genius; certain that it would have made him less tawdry at his worst moments, more free at his best.

And that other American genius of the first rank, Walt Whitman—the most sympathetic critic must admit the vagaries of his philosophy, the unnecessary eccentricities of his technique, the cocksureness of his opinion, the lack of order and the lack of taste in his efforts whenever the flame of his genius wavered. Surely a little more formal education would not have hurt Walt. Perhaps it would not have carried his poetry higher, but it would have salvaged much waste if only by giving him more power of detachment from his obsessive ego.

Education, as we practise it, is a very imperfect instrument, and it is patent that a man can be educated in the current sense without knowing as much of the true values of life as an uneducated Arab. But that may mean only an immunity to all but the most utilitarian effects of education, or an education badly administered. In any case, it is easy to cite many American authors of the last twenty years who did not know enough to get the best from their talents, did not know how to control their thinking, or handle their facts. The American novelist and short story writer especially has displayed a frequent lack of education. He has depended upon natural aptitude and a mechanical technique. No one who reads widely in current American books can fail to note the results. Many well-known writers are makers of books, and yet they do not know their own trade. They do not know literature one-quarter as well as a lawyer must know law. They are trying to express their thoughts for the benefit of others with a half-training in thinking. Education never made a genius—but without it many a genius would have been only a freak or a sensation.

Winter Bondage

(*New England*)

By HARRIET SAMPSON

THE evening falters by the hemlock hedge
Watching beneath the bough the amber sun
Loitering in grandeur, for the day is done
In winter when it reaches the granite ledge
That tops the sloping pasture. In a wedge
One faded sunbeam with a streaky run
Brushes the stubble. It has scarce begun
When darkness crawls upon it through the sedge.

"Come, daughter," mother warns, "too late to sew.
You'll try your eyes. The work will always keep."
And so I poke the fire to make it glow,
And hear my father, through with milking, say,
"The moon is full. A real good night to sleep."
O Lord! What use this day? What use this day?

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Published by Time Incorporated,
Publishers of TIME,
The Weekly News-Magazine

American Sagas

By T. K. WHIPPLE

AS everyone knows, the latest fad of the intelligentsia is discovering the United States. This is the cult of which Mr. Gilbert Seldes is high priest. He and his acolytes wax analytic and æsthetic over Charlie Chaplin, Fanny Brice, Krazy Kat, Ring Lardner, and "How Come You Do Me Like You Do Do Do." And, indeed, why not? The rest of us may be amused at the delighted surprise with which recent graduates of Harvard "discover" what everyone else has been familiar with since earliest childhood—but the fact remains that Mr. Seldes has secured for our popular arts a recognition that they never had before. Already jazz has invaded Carnegie Hall, and before long everyone may be attending recitals not of Lithuanian, Swedish, and Bantu folk-songs only, but of American as well. The negro spirituals have arrived; why not the ballads of cowboys, lumberjacks, and Kentucky mountaineers?

While the boom is on, I wish to put in a word for the tales of the American folk. In Paris, according to hearsay, one of the more recent literary finds is James Oliver Curwood, whose art is discussed at length in periodicals and reviews. My own nominee, however, for the position of American *tusitala* is not Mr. Curwood, but Zane Grey.* Mr. Grey has received justice only from his millions of devoted readers—and some of them, I fear, have been shamefaced in their enthusiasm. The critics and reviewers have been persistently upstage in their treatment of Mr. Grey; they have lectured him for lacking qualities which there was no reason for him to possess, and have ignored most of the qualities in which he is conspicuous. The Boston *Transcript* complains that "he does not ask his readers to think for themselves"; Mr. Burton Rascoe asks sorrowfully: "Do Mr. Grey's readers believe in the existence of such people as Mr. Grey depicts; do they accept the code of conduct implicit in Mr. Grey's novels?"

One thing at least is clear: Mr. Grey himself emphatically believes in the truthfulness of his record. Above all else he prides himself upon his accuracy as a historian. In the foreword to "To the Last Man" he says: "My long labors have been devoted to making stories resemble the times they depict. I have loved the West for its vastness, its contrast, its beauty and color and life, for its wildness and violence, and for the fact that I have seen how it developed great men and women who died unknown and unsung." And he asks: "How can the truth be told about the pioneering of the West if the struggle, the fight, the blood be left out? How can a novel be stirring and thrilling, as were those times, unless it be full of sensation?" One must admire and be thankful for Mr. Grey's faith in his own veracity, but to share it is impossible. Zane Grey should never be considered as a realist. To Mr. Rascoe's questions, I can answer only for one reader; but I should say that I no more believe in the existence of such people as Mr. Grey's than I believe in the existence of the shepherds of Theocritus; I no more accept the code of conduct implicit in Mr. Grey's novels that I do the code of conduct implicit in Congreve's comedies. At the very start I grant that Mr. Grey does not portray the world as I know it, that he is not an expert psychologist, that his is no

*Mr. Grey's most recent book is the just published "The Thundering Herd." New York: Harper and Bros. 1925. $2.

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refined art in the subtle use of words—that in competition with Henry James, Jane Austen, George Eliot, and Laurence Sterne, he is nowhere.

But what of it? There is no reason for comparing him with anyone, unless perhaps with competitors in his own *genre*. If he must be classified, however, let it be with the authors of "Beowulf" and of the Icelandic sagas. Mr. Grey's work is a primitive epic, and has the characteristics of other primitive epics. His art is archaic, with the traits of all archaic art. His style, for example, has the stiffness which comes from an imperfect mastery of the medium. It lacks fluency and facility; behind it always we feel a pressure towards expression, a striving for a freer and easier utterance. Herein lies much of the charm of all early art—in that the technique lags somewhat behind the impulse. On the whole, it is preferable to the later condition, when the technique is matured and the impulse meagre. Mr. Grey's style has also the stiffness of traditional and conventional forms; his writing is encrusted with set phrases which may be called epic formulæ, or, if you insist, *clichés*. These familiar locutions he uses as if they were new, to him at least—as if they were happy discoveries of his own. So behind all his impeded utterance there makes itself felt an effort towards truth of expression, truth, that is, to his own vision, for we must never ask of him truth to the actual world as we know it.

That Zane Grey has narrative power no one has denied, but not everyone is pleased with his type of story. To a reader whose taste has been formed on Howells and Bennett, Mr. Grey's tales seem somewhat strong. They are, of course, sensational melodrama, as "improbable" as plays by Elizabethan dramatists. They roar along over the mightiest stage that the author has been able to contrive for them. They tell of battle and bloodshed, of desperate pursuits and hair-breadth escapes, of mortal feuds and murder and sudden death, of adventures in which life is constantly the stake. These stories move on the grand scale; they are lavish in primitive, epic events. Mr. Grey does not dodge big scenes and crises, in which plot and passion come to a head; he has distinct liking for intense situations, and he has the power which Stevenson so admired of projecting these high moments in memorable pictures. In "Riders of the Purple Sage," when Lassiter throws his guns on the Mormon band and saves the Gentile youth, when Venters from his hiding place in the mysterious canyon watches the robbers ride through the waterfall, when at last Lassiter rolls the stone which crushes his pursuers and forever shuts the outlet from Surprise Valley—these are scenes which linger in the mind. Very different obviously is this art from Mrs. Wharton's when she condenses the tragedy of three lives into the breaking of a pickle-dish, and from Sinclair Lewis's as he takes Babbitt through a typical day at the office—but what of that? Though melodrama is not in style at the moment, the human taste for tremendous happenings is not likely to die for some centuries yet. Mr. Grey has the courage of his innocence in tackling difficulties which cautious realists know enough to avoid.

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And no more than in his stories does he dodge the heroic in his characters. His people are all larger than life-size. They may be called cow-punchers, prospectors, ranchers, rangers, rustlers, highwaymen, but they are akin to Sigurd, Beowulf, and Robin Hood. Just at present, heroism, of all literary *motifs*, happens to be the most unfashionable, and disillusionment is all the cry. But it is tenable surely that the heroic is not incompatible with literary merit, and perhaps even that a naïve belief in human greatness is a positive asset to literature. Certainly the writings in the past which humanity has singled out for special favor most of them have this element, notoriously strong in all early literature.

Of these heroic figures Mr. Grey's portrayal is crude and roughewn. Their speech is often far from the talk of actual men and women; we are as much—and as little—conscious of the writer's working in a literary convention as when we read a play in blank verse. His characterization has no subtlety or finesse; but, like his style, it is true—again, of course, I mean true to the author's own conception. That conception of human nature is a simple one; he sees it as a battle of passions with one another and with the will, a struggle of love and hate, of remorse and revenge, of blood-lust, honor, friendship, anger, grief—all on a grand scale and all incalculable and mysterious. The people themselves are amazed and incredulous at what they find in their own souls. A good illustration of Mr. Grey's psychological analysis is the following from "The Lone Star Ranger":

> Then came realization. . . . He was the gunman, the gun-thrower, the gun-fighter, passionate and terrible. His father's blood, that dark and fierce strain, his mother's spirit, that strong and unquenchable spirit of the surviving pioneer—these had been in him; and the killings, one after another, the wild and haunted years, had made him, absolutely in spite of his will, the gunman. He realized it now, bitterly, hopelessly. The thing he had intelligence enough to hate he had become. At last he shuddered under the driving, ruthless, inhuman blood-lust of the gunman.

* * *

In Zane Grey's conception of human nature, nothing is more curious than his view of sex. In "Riders of the Purple Sage," a young man and a girl live alone together for weeks in a secret canyon; in "The Lone Star Ranger," the hero rescues an innocent girl from a gang of bandits and roams about Texas with her for a long time—and all as harmlessly as in "The Faerie Queene" Una and the Red Cross Knight go traveling together. Nothing shows more clearly how far away Mr. Grey's world is from actuality; his Texas is not in the Union but in fairyland. His heroes, to be sure, have occasional fierce struggles with their "baser natures"—a difficulty, by the way, from which his heroines are exempt. Not all his women, however, are altogether pure; from time to time a seductress crosses the path of the hero, who usually regards her with indifference. These women, incidentally, are often among the best-drawn of Mr. Grey's characters. In his treatment of sex as in other respects Mr. Grey is simple and naïve; his conventions are as remote as those of the mediæval Courts of Love, and must be taken for granted along with the other assumptions of his imaginary world.

Mr. Grey's heroic ideal looks a little strange in the twentieth century. It is; it belongs more naturally to the sixth century; it is the brutal ideal of the barbarian, of the Anglo-Saxons before they left their continental homes. Like them, Mr. Grey cares above all things for physical strength, for prowess in battle and expertness with weapons, for courage and fortitude and strength of will, for ability to control oneself and others. Where the Anglo-Saxons emphasized loyalty in thegn and generosity in earl, Mr. Grey more democratically insists on loyalty and generosity between friends, and on independence and self-reliance. And to this code he adds an element which is no doubt a kind of residuum from Christianity: he likes to see hatred and desire for vengeance supplanted by forgiveness and love. The process of purification or redemption is a favorite theme of his; sometimes it is brought about by the influence of a noble and unselfish man or by the love of a pure and innocent girl, but more often by the cleansing effect of nature in the rough. If one is to take Mr. Grey's ethics at all seriously, one must of course find fault with them; although such morals are better, no doubt, than those inculcated by Benjamin Franklin or Mr. Ben Hecht, still one would no more care to have one's sons adopt Mr. Grey's *beau idéal* than one would care to have one's sons adopt, say, the "Saga of Burnt Njal" as a program of life. Without wishing, however, to return to the human ideals of the Bronze Age, we may insist that a story-teller's merit is not dependent on the validity of the lessons which he teaches. There is enough of the savage in most of us so that we can respond imaginatively to Mr. Grey, without our all rushing off to the wilds to be made men of.

Not that Mr. Grey regards nature as always a beneficent force. Rather, he portrays it as an acid test of those elemental traits of character which he admires. It kills off the weaklings, and among the strong it makes the bad worse as the good better. Nature to him is somewhat as God is to a Calvinist—ruthlessly favoring the elect and damning the damned. Mr. Grey sees in nature the great primal force which moulds human lives. Not even Thomas Hardy lays more stress on the effect of natural environment. The stories themselves are subsidiary to the background: "My inspiration to write," says Mr. Grey, "has always come from nature. Character and action are subordinate to setting." This setting of desert, forest, mountain, and canyon, great cliffs and endless plains, has been made familiar to us all by the movies if not by travel; but as seen through Mr. Grey's marveling and enhancing eyes it all takes on a fresh and unreal greatness and wonder. For his descriptive power is as generally recognized as his narrative skill; indeed, it would be hard for any one so overflowing with zest and with almost religious adoration to fail in description. Mr. Grey's faculty of wonder, his sense of mystery, is strong; it shows itself in his feeling for the strangeness of human personality and also more outwardly in the air of strangeness with which he invests his lonely wanderers or outlaws who from time to time appear out of the unknown—but most of all it shows itself in his feeling for the marvelous in nature. So far as he indicates a religion, it is a form of nature-worship; when he is face to face with the more grandiose aspects of the earth's surface, he feels himself in the presence of God.

Mr. Grey differs from many nature-lovers, that is to say, in that his fervor is altogether genuine. His enthusiasm is not assumed because it is the proper thing; on the contrary, he feels much more than he can manage to express. And here, I think, we come to the secret of his superiority to most of his contemporaries and competitors: he is sincere and thoroughly in earnest. He really cares, he gets excited about what he is writing. His books have not the look of hackwork. It is true that they are uneven, that he has not been immune to the influences of his own popularity and of the movies, that he must often have worked hastily and carelessly—but never falsely. He is genuine and true to himself, an artist after his fashion. Furthermore, he possesses a powerful imagination, of the myth-making type which glorifies and enlarges all that it touches, and in his best work, such as "Riders of the Purple Sage," he uses his imagination to the utmost. The whole story, the situations and people and settings, are fully living in his mind, and he gets them into words as best he can. Of course he has an amazing, an incredible simplicity and unsophistication of mind, a childlike naiveté—but that is what makes him what he is, a fashioner of heroic myths. At the present moment, when the primitive is all the vogue in the arts, and Viennese and Parisian sculptors are doing their best to be archaic, in Zane Grey we have a real, not a would-be, primitive miraculously dropped among us; yet we accord him no recognition at all—except an astounding popularity.

* * *

If, that is, his popularity is astounding, if is not rather but what should be expected. Most Americans seem to have a strongly ingrained hankering for the primitive and a good deal of the childlike quality of mind, possibly as an inheritance from our three centuries of pioneering. Whenever a holiday comes along, we reproduce primitive conditions and play at pioneering as much as possible. The age of the pioneers, especially in the West, is taking on more and more the air of an heroic and mythic period. The glorification of the red-blooded he-man, the pioneer ideal, is a national trait, and even those who have learned better cannot rid themselves of a sneaking respect for the brute in their hearts. If you doubt the simplicity and innocence of Americans, watch their reactions to Michael Arlen and Jean Cocteau and their forlorn efforts to imitate Ronald Firbank and to understand and admire "Ulysses." They are like stray Vandals wandering bewildered through the streets of Byzantium. Only the pure in heart could be so impressed by decay and corruption, just as only a man from an Iowa village could have written "The Blind Bow-Boy." No, the American forte is not sophisticated disillusion—it is much more likely to be something on the order of Zane Grey's work. Of course every one is at liberty not to like such literature, which belongs by right to the infancy of the race, and to disagree with Mr. Grey's view of the world. Indeed, if one asks of books a valid criticism of life as we experience it, Mr. Grey has little to offer. But let us look at him for what he is, rather than what he is not. Then, whether we happen to care for his work or not, I think we must grant him a certain merit in his own way. We turn to him not for insight into human nature and human problems nor for refinements of art, but simply for crude epic stories, as we might to an old Norse skald, maker of the sagas of the folk.

R. H. Mottram has just been awarded the Hawthornden Prize of £100 for his first novel, "The Spanish Farm," which was published last fall. The Hawthornden Prize was established in England in 1919 by Miss Alice Warrander and is awarded each year for the best imaginative work by a writer under forty years of age.

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A Challenge to Utopians

WE. By EUGENE ZAMIATIN. Translated from the Russian by G. ZILBOORG. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by PITIRIM SOROKIN
Author of "Leaves from a Russian Diary"

"WE" is a kind of bomb boldly thrown at "standardization," "rationalization," "socialization" and other slogans fashionable at the present time. Philosophical as Plato's "The Republic," interesting as the best Utopias of H. E. Wells, cold as a muzzle of a loaded revolver, and sarcastic as "Gulliver's Travels," "We" is a powerful challenge to all Socialist Utopias. It is natural that the book should have come out of Russia. Only a man of talent who, as Zamiatin, has been and still is amidst the greatest experiment in the "standardization" and "communization" of human beings, could write this Utopia of an absolutely standardized and socialized society. This does not mean that "We" is a propagandist book ridiculing Communist Russia. Not a bit. The Communist experiment gave only the first patterns necessary for a start. The rest is the creation of the thought and fantasy of the author.

The book represents forty "records" of D-503. D-503 is the "name" of the builder of The Integral —a wonderful aerial ship for carrying propaganda and "mathematically faultless happiness" to the poor inhabitants of Mars, Venus, and other planets. This happiness is already achieved in The United State—a society a thousand years hence—in which D-503 lives. Everything there is rationalized and socialized. Instead of individuals we have here only he-Numbers and she-Numbers. Their behavior is completely regulated by "The Table of Hours." In comparison with it "that greatest of all monuments of ancient literature, the Official Railroad Guide" is a childish thing. All Numbers are equal, dwell in identical glass apartments beneath the eye of everyone, get up at the same moment, "at the same very second, designated by the Table, carry the spoons to their mouths," chew their meals the same number of times, simultaneously go out to walk, to the Auditorium and so on: briefly, they are all equal particles of the gigantic State-machinery. "Science is developing and within fifty years even the noses will be identical," the builder thinks. Of course, every Number has his "Guardian-Angel" from whom cannot be hidden any deed or word. Therefore, "The Bureau of the Guardians" knows everything going on in the country. Everything here is adapted for State Service. Even poetry. "How was it that the ancients did not notice the utter absurdity of their prose and poetry?" writes D-503.

> The gigantic, magnificent power of the artistic word was spent by them in vain. It is really droll: anybody wrote whatever happened to come into his head! We made a domestic animal out of the ocean. And in the same manner we domesticated and harnessed the wild elements of poetry. Now poetry is no longer the unpardonable whistling of nightingales for the stimulation of sweethearts but a State Service.

Poets are writing only what is ordered by the Well-Doer and the Guardians, e. g., the immortal tragedy, "Those Who Come Late to Work," or "Stanzas on Sex-Hygiene," or "Flowers of Court Sentences." Music is standardized no less, existing principally in the form of The United State's Hymn and having nothing in common with the disorderly noise of the Beethovens and the Scriabins of the ancients.

Even wild sexual instinct is bridled in such a way that it does not menace the equality and communism of the United State. According to the *Lex Sexulis*: "A Number may obtain a license to use any other Number as a sexual mate."

> The rest is only a matter of technique. You are carefully examined in the laboratory of the Sexual Department where they find the content of sexual hormones in your blood, and they make out for you accordingly a Table of sexual days. Then you file an application to enjoy the services of Numbers so and so. You get for that purpose a check-book (pink). That is all. Twice a day, from sixteen to seventeen o'clock and from twenty-one to twenty-two the united social organism dissolves into separate cells; these are the personal hours designated by the Table. During these hours you would see the curtains discreetly drawn in the rooms.

In the opinion of D-503 these personal hours are naturally a kind of disorderly atavism but he firmly believes "that sooner or later we shall somehow find even for these hours a place in the general formula. Somehow all of the 86,000 seconds will be incorporated in the Table of Hours." Such is this happy society.

The secret of this happiness, in the explanation of D-503, is the ideal non-freedom. Any perfect machine works well because its parts are absolutely unfree. Freedom is irrationalism and fancy. It means something that could not be foreseen and may *happen*. Freedom is another word for crime. If human liberty is equal to zero, man cannot commit any crime. Man had to choose either happiness without freedom or freedom without happiness. The foolish ancients chose freedom and as a result lost Paradise. The United State chose happiness and was done with freedom.

Unfortunately even the mathematicians of the U. S. could not destroy the mathematical square root of minus one. "It could not be defeated because it was beyond reason," writes D-503. Something like this irrational square root continued to exist in the Numbers also. In spite of rationalization many of them—and D-503, too—became ill with the worst sickness: "a soul has formed in them." Thanks to the play of "the most irrational creatures in the world—the spermatozoids"—some of the Numbers fell in love with some of their mates. In other Numbers parental instinct and other atavistic impulses suddenly appeared. As a result, equality began to disappear, the State machinery began to work worse and worse, and social order was almost broken. But at the last moment the Well-Doer and the Guardians forced the Numbers to undergo the Great Operation —the destruction of the Nervous Center of Fancy—and in this way they saved the United State. The Operation performed, the Numbers became as perfect as the best mechanisms; fancy was destroyed; the souls disappeared, and "the mathematically faultless, hundred per cent happiness" was reëstablished. Such is the scheme of "We." This scheme is filled by excellently depicted types of human beings, by thrilling episodes and adventures, and by deep psycho-biological analysis. All this is pictured by Zamiatin's bold, neo-realist style, together with his grim philosophy, and cold but effective sarcasm—recalling sometimes that of Rabelais, sometimes the sarcasm of Swift—all this makes the book amusing, impressive, outstanding, and instructive.

Reading "We," one cannot help thinking: "What happiness that the irrational square root of minus one exists! What happiness it is to live in the ancient, irrational, and unhappy society, with all its sins, crimes, and inequality!"

Out of the War

THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER. By BERNHARD KELLERMANN. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1924. $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES MITCHELL CLARKE

THE German Nation in this book appears as a giant whirlpool within which men and women spin laughing and shrieking into the abyss. The wreck of an institution lurches past. Broken hopes and lost ideals are as chips in the mælstrom. The cold, stupid face of a high officer sweeps by; emaciated wisps of children; perfumed, lascivious bodies of upper class women, the war crazed visages of soldiers. The horror of death is on the face of the land. A grim madness is everywhere. "The Ninth of November" is the story of a nation in its death throes.

For the Germany that was, is no more, and in this novel of the revolution of 1918 Bernhard Kellermann has caught her at the time when she changed from one thing to another. His impressionistic style, with its feverish rapidity, is excellently adapted to its portrayal. The narrative flashes from scene to scene and from character to character with a quickness which is almost bewildering. At first the book seems to represent the same chaos which obscured the actual happening. But as the story progresses the train of events takes form. One learns that it is of a nation rather than of individuals; and the tide that swept the Germany of the Kaisers to her downfall moves gigantically before the eyes.

A number of stories go to make up the main cord of this narrative. They lie like strands of a rope, each separate, yet intertwined and unified into the whole. Perhaps the core is the story of a Junker general, one Hech-Brandenberg, a representative of the autocracy whose stupidity and rapacity brought its own downfall. Perhaps the most beautiful is the story of this general's daughter and the dreamer Ackermann whose vision is the actuating force in the collapse of autocracy. Each story is representative of one of the currents which made up the tide of revolution.

The unifying factor which weaves these various threads together is the feeling of a great madness which has permeated the whole people. Humanity has been strained beyond the breaking point and minds and characters have given way. The common people are inflamed by a dull, sullen fury born of hopeless suffering. The upper classes have thrown aside the outworn rags of civilization and given themselves up to their most bestial desires. Women in a sort of sexual frenzy fling themselves at such men as have returned to the capital. The most vivid scenes of the book are of drunken orgies which these women give for men who have returned from hell to crowd as much self indulgence as possible into the time allotted them. The case of Captain Falk, "the Steam Roller," is typical. At ten in the morning he has been "using his knife freely" on the Flanders front. All that night he drinks wildly at a gathering of Berlin's élite because "he is a volcano and endeavoring to keep his temperature down," and at ten the next evening departs to use his knife again.

Kellermann has brought to this writing the same ability to make one feel things which made "The Sea" such a moving tale. No mere description of battles and shell torn places could make one realize the actuality, *war*, so vividly as this portrayal of its effects. Battle itself is too staggering for comprehension, but here we have terms more familiar to our experience and the awful madness of the thing rises about the story in all its horror. "The Ninth of November" is one of the finest things that have come out of the war.

Experiences

TWICE THIRTY. By EDWARD W. BOK. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. $4.50.

Reviewed by BRITON HADDEN

EDWARD WILLIAM BOK is identified by some as the citizen who offered $100,000 for a satisfactory Peace Plan; by others as the man who wrote an autobiography that won a Pulitzer Prize and of which over 200,000 copies are now in circulation; by others as a one-time editor of the powerful *Ladies' Home Journal;* by others as a man who—like Benjamin Franklin, Homerun Baker, Leopold Stokowski and David Rittenhouse—has done much for the City of Philadelphia.

"Twice Thirty" is a second autobiography of Mr. Bok—or, more properly, a series of autobiographical jottings. Whereas the "Americanization" describes chronological episodes in the life of Edward Bok, the editor, "Twice Thirty" concerns itself in a rambling and infinitely less compelling manner with Edward W. Bok, the man, the citizen, the father, the benefactor, the friend.

The volume is addressed to William Curtis Bok and Cary William Bok and states frankly

> Your mother has proposed that I put down for you some of my more significant experiences. . . . After one has written for a while, he no longer writes to a public but to friends. . . . They understand. . . . Experience can only be told, as I see it, by the use of a naïve simplicity. . . . So if you are conscious of this note of naiveté in what follows, be assured that I was conscious of it before you.

Then follow the experiences. Some are trivial, some are great, all are significant, none are dull.

There is the experience of the 17-year-old boy who was called upon to decide whether the life of his father should be allowed to run out or whether an operation should be performed which would have bereft the elder Bok of all reason. There is an experience in a sickroom in a house on S Street, Washington, late in 1923. There is an experience with Otto von Bismarck. At a dinner-party at the Netherlands home of the Boks, Edward, aged 20 months, was placed on the great man's lap. After five minutes' orderly perusal of the iron countenance, Baby Bok poked his fist straight at Bismarck's nose, grew red in the face striving for vocal expression, and ultimately—"with a quick dash of the arm I knocked the glass out of the Chancellor's hand, upsetting the wine on his shirt-front and over his clothes." (Mr. Bok still possesses his mother's red-stained handkerchief which functioned as mop.)

There are other experiences—how Pianist de Pachmann cut capers and ate an orange in the draw-

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ing-room of a Boston train; how Thomas Alva Edison wrote the Lord's Prayer on a dime-sized piece of paper and went laughing heartily out of the office; why the late Russell Sage preferred two wormy two-cent apples and a penny change to two healthy two-for-a-nickel apples and zero change.

In "Twice Thirty," one may read that it is largely from Dutch antecedents that Americans concocted the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States; that Edward Bok weighed 14 pounds at birth; that the Dutch invented golf; that Mr. Bok and Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey so closely resembled each other as to be taken for brothers; that President Roosevelt read Swedish and New Zealand pamphlets on woman suffrage sufficient to fill two express crates; that Bok, the youth, could earn $5.00 on Saturday afternoons as a semi-professional baseball pitcher; that the Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra is now recognized as the finest symphony orchestra on the continent of Europe and is bigger and better than the New York Philharmonic; that the circulation of *The Ladies' Home Journal* was "seriously injured" because Mr. Bok published "The Female of the Species"—a slander upon womanhood; that the "Pennsylvania Dutch" are really of German descent; that the public referendum held last year upon the American Peace Award was "the widest and most intelligent plebiscite ever taken."

Few are the pages that contain no statements or anecdotes to arrest attention. Few pages fail to remind the reader that Edward W. Bok has been a potent factor for good and is not afraid to say so.

On the last page of all appears Byron's

> And what is writ is writ
> Would it were worthier.

Then:

"By the Same Author: To be Published in 1954: 'THRICE THIRTY.'"

Letters from Lively Places

RANDOM LETTERS FROM MANY COUNTRIES. By JOHN GARDNER COOLIDGE. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 1924. $5.

Reviewed by PHILIP COAN

MR. COOLIDGE displayed in his early and in their way, busy days one great talent, the gift of being about. He seemed to gravitate by some natural affinity to scenes of action. He saw Japan in 1888, during the flood tide of occidentalization. He traversed Kipling's India. In Brazil, Admiral Mello carried out his great naval revolt of 1893 before the eyes of this calm and detached but omnipresent Bostonian. In Cuba in 1898, Mr. Coolidge boarded the Maria Teresa while it was still burning, and watched the fighting at Santiago. After taking a glance at the Filipino rebellion by way of an interlude, and getting shot at, he turned up in South Africa just in time to be made our second Secretary of Legation in Pretoria, and to witness the fall of the Boer capital. As he could not be in two places at once, he missed the Boxer uprising, but he reached Peking soon after, and remained there as diplomatic attaché within earshot, so to speak, of the Russo-Japanese war.

Rolling stones, when they roll so consistently in the path of circumstance, are apt to gather plenty of the moss of strange knowledge and anecdote. Unfortunately, Mr. Coolidge was no ordinary rolling stone. He was too symmetrical and highly polished. For all his gift of landing physically on the precise spot of upheaval, he does not come into nearly such close personal contact with action as many a person who physically stays put. Those who seek an account of the secret purposes of the Dowager Empress, imparted in a moment of indiscreet expansion over the teacups, or who want to hear a tale of how Paul Kruger smuggled a wagonload of diamonds away from Lord Roberts by the aid of an ingenious Yankee youth will find no such matter here. Good manners avoid evil communications.

But in his somewhat uncompromisingly correct and elegant way, the Back Bay Beachcomber caught an occasional revealing glimpse of things. It happened to him once in Germany, upon a ceremonial day, to behold the Kaiser, clad in dazzling mail, standing aloft on a palace balcony, haranguing a crowd beneath an approching thunderstorm, to the obligato of real thunder. In Rio, at the height of the bombardment, he saw a wine truck abandoned in the line of fire, and reckless loungers rush out to drink up the escaping contents of a bullet-punctured barrel. At Peking he tasted the peppery temper of E. H. Harriman, who insisted that the Chinese government should accord him honors that it had just paid to Taft and Alice Roosevelt.

Here and there occur these revelatory touches. They are the best things in the letters. These, moreover are most readably written, with the frankness and simple familiarity natural to the case—they are addressed mainly to the author's mother. The book contains many mentions of men of note, American and other, and will supply added touches to the mental portraits of such folk, cherished by persons who have known the world for the past thirty years or so. It is not up to what the breadth and timeliness of Mr. Coolidge's travels might lead one to expect, but it makes engaging reading, and now and then something better.

What Is Style?

THE GENIUS OF STYLE. By W. C. BROWNELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE literature of the criticism of style is extensive, and there are few professional writers who at one time or another have not had their say upon the universal element of good writing which "may be tested for and identified but not delimited or detached." The very elusiveness of the problem as to what constitutes style is its fascination, and the flexibility of the term in theory and its misuse in practice have led to such conflicting definitions and so much parroting of statement that a graduate seminar would find work for a year in merely finding out what critics believe that they think. Mr. Brownell, perhaps the most competent critic writing in English today, has made the task easier. His "Genius of Style" is far more than its title indicates. In two hundred odd pages he has luminously analyzed the functions of style, and with style as his theme conducted a devastating criticism of his own age of "æsthetic inertia."

Readers and writers who detest the sensationalism which, like an irritating poison, has made our literature feverish, have been longing for a conservative critic who would attack the vagaries of modern art with full knowledge of what that art was doing, not criticising pedantically or from prejudice, but with a sense of the continuity of æsthetic effort. Mr. Brownell is their man, and this is the book for which they have been waiting. But the test of their sincerity is immediate, for the doctrine of "The Genius of Style" is stiff, and those who profit by it must be prepared to do more than read, which is easy, and understand, which is not so easy, and approve, which they are likely to do. For it is as much a condemnation of the formalism which has assumed in our day the noble name of traditional as of the expressionist and sensationalist.

A less cogent mind and a less excellent stylist, in his own sense, than Mr. Brownell would have extended the substance of this admirable book from two hundred to five hundred pages. I cannot begin to exhaust its remarkable resources of idea and application in a brief review and must be content to hit at what seems to me the author's significant contribution.

Style, whatever else it may be, is order and movement; that is his first thesis, borrowed from Buffon and excellently elaborated. Order is not pattern; it is the coördinating thought that creates and holds together the artistic whole. Movement is not speed; it is continuity, it is rhythm continued through subject and mood to association and atmosphere. The true artist is absorbed "in a kind of controlled excitement and directed purpose, endeavoring to embody his ideal of how the subject should be treated as well as in love with the subject itself. . . . In the widest sense, thus, style would be the art of technic, that element of technical expression which makes an art of what otherwise is at best but skill. . . . It is the spirit of style that transmutes life into art."

For a period like ours such a statement is radical in the extreme. It contains an implication which Mr. Brownell develops ruthlessly, that style is *not* the man in the sense in which Buffon's statement has been misinterpreted. Style itself is impersonal, although personality may be freed through it. That personal imprint of the temperament upon language which the cant phrase denotes as style, is manner, a different and less excellent thing. Less excellent because if not controlled by purposes of harmony, order, beauty, to the furthering of the work, it becomes, as with Dickens, a clogging of expression, as with the sensationalist and experimentalist, a mere discharge of idiosyncrasy not generalized into any significance.

Prose has suffered from the present fashion of saying to the ego, "Do as you please." English prose, the high tradition of which has had since the sixteenth century beauty as an attribute, is, as every one recognizes, now flattened toward utilitarianism. We have gained a clarity and simplicity which make prose useful to science and daily affairs, and are also attributes of good style, but in disdaining any ideal of order and movement belonging to the perfection of expression, though not essential for the utterance of simple thought, we have lost the secret of overtones, reduced our prose to a statement, and infinitely narrowed expressiveness. Emotion and the most elementary explanation of crude fact now have an almost identical medium.

In the plastic and pictorial arts and in the prose of what we prefer to call literature, there have been curiously different results. For there the insistence upon highly personal expression without reference to the representation of life or the ideal of beauty has resulted in a lack of any personality whatsoever in the resulting style. Our autobiographical novels might all be written by the same hand, neo-impressionist paintings have reduced the expression of the artist himself to abstract curves and cubes, and the craving for personal expression is fed by crude contrast and sensation in the subjects chosen.

* * *

It is, apparently, a new influx of the philosophy of Rousseau, an exaltation of the natural man, who is to express himself naturally, which means without restraint, without reference to the purpose or the laws of expression in general. Mr. Brownell finds us childish; he would find, I suspect, "Ulysses" childish in its movement, though mature in its stylistic conception. And his book, beyond its merits as brilliant analysis, is a plea that art must be civilized to be art and to be useful, except as a relief for individual emotions. "The element of style is of too universal a substance and application to be identified with the individuality of whose intelligent expression it is clearly and consciously, even when instinctively, an instrument. . . . And it had certainly much better be an end in itself, subordinating all personality and achieving at least an ordered and rhythmic result, than illustrate the kind of feeling and functioning to be associated in many instances with unconsciousness." Style is that lifting of individual expression into an order and rhythm which both perfects the expression and makes it comprehensible in its entirety by other men. It is a medium for personality, controlled by imagination and prolonged by the continuity of thought. It is not natural any more than speech is natural; it is simple only as the result of simplification; it is beautiful because order and harmonious movement are always beautiful. The definition is my own, but the attempt is to draw off for my own purposes a concentration of Mr. Brownell's thought.

I have necessarily weakened the attack upon our aesthetic dullness, upon the flatness of our prose, upon the discontinuity of our verse, and the excess of manner and lack of comprehensible style in the representative arts, in this brief reporting, but that Mr.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by Time, Inc., Henry R. Luce, President, Henry S. Canby, Vice-President; Briton Hadden, Secretary-Treasurer, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, $3; in Canada, $3.50; in Great Britain, 16 shillings; elsewhere, $4. For advertising rates, address Noble A. Cathcart, Advertising Manager, 236 East 39th Street, New second-class matter July 29, 1924, at the Post Office at New York. Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen, Entered as York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. I. Number 28.

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Brownell has laid true charges only those ignorant of tradition can doubt. The case is most patent in architecture where, as it happens, we seem most likely to emerge with a new sense of style nobly displayed. The many excrescences and distortions in current naturalism, expressionism, and sensationalism in literature are quite comparable, though half a century behind, to the eclectic, freakish, and uncontrolled egoism of nineteenth century architecture, in which one feels now no sense of personality, though personal whim was paramount, no style, no order, and often no sense.

They are, however, not exactly comparable because of the half-century interval since the peak of bad architectural design, in which the evolution of modern man has by no means stood still. The liberating effects of science, freedom to read, freedom to disbelieve, freedom to move quickly, freedom to speak with all the world at once, are now far more marked. They have given us, it is true, a bourgeoisie in the arts and the intellect of unexampled magnitude, which by mere weight and clamor makes difficult, except in privacy, so fine a quality as style. We want it unknowing, but cannot make and will not foster it. But fitful bursts into artistic sensationalism which Mr. Brownell so rigorously condemns may conceivably be regarded as escapes from the standardized majority and the standardized conventions which this bourgeoisie accepts in place of style. The exasperated individual flings away from men instead of toward them as the stylist must. He breaks the patterns, he shrieks, he gesticulates, he inverts. He realizes as keenly as Mr. Brownell that the clearness and simplicity of simple souls who make language conform to the mass wants of vanity, food, health, and the amassing of property, are virtues that point the way toward an intolerable decline of the spirit, and therefore he thrusts his own revolting soul upon expression, seeking new harmonies even in ugliness, and salvation in revolt. So doing, he destroys that nice balance of the personal in style which has been so difficult to recapture since the Periclean epoch.

* * *

It is, indeed, inconceivable that fundamental changes in means of sustenance, social relations, education, occupation, and, most of all, in the application of science, both obviously and subtly, to every phase of human life and to many, if not all, aspects of human conduct, can be without their far-reaching effects. Art is eternal, but it is a function of man, and while I do not share the fallacy that when we move at sixty miles an hour and transmit our words across continents, our soul and nature change accordingly, nevertheless I feel that Mr. Brownell has given less thought to underlying changes in conditions which must affect art, and which within the scope of the industrial period on whose margin we stand are likely to be permanent, than to results, perhaps temporary, of the first impacts of change. It is well to be at least tolerant of experiment and to expect discoveries, especially in new approaches to style which may share all the attributes that Mr. Brownell stipulates, and yet be more sharply different from, and more difficult to reconcile with, what we regard as tradition than new departures in the past. Music, of which he says little, is perhaps now a testing ground of much which, in issue at least, is clearer there than in literature where new thoughts, new subjects, obscure the novelty, or lack of it, in style.

And yet it is even more important to recognize with Mr. Brownell that personality, even original personality, does not and cannot of itself make style, that no utility, no impact upon jaded senses, no new and arresting technique, no inclusions of areas of the human spirit never before expressed in literature, not even the virtues of efficient clarity and simplicity, can of themselves make style, or become durable literature until by the force of the imagination controlled in the search of order and movement they attain it. That style is an entity to be sought, that it is indispensable for literature, that we have jilted the goddess for our own egoes, that life never becomes art until it is ordered and rhythmical—these are the teachings of "The Genius of Style." Excellent teachings, they are excellently applied and interpreted. One hopes that there is enough discipline left in the anarchic contemporary world of art and criticism which Mr. Brownell deprecates to cope with the pregnancy of his own subtle but perhaps a little too sophisticated style.

The BOWLING GREEN

A Birthday Letter

YOU understood about human weakness, so you will know how it is that I have left writing for your birthday until this last possible moment. I've been looking over some of your old letters. I don't do so often, it is too troublesome to see how some have misfeatured you. Then last night, about bread-and-cheese time—the *wishing* time of the evening you used to call it, when one rather hankers for some friend to drop in (to get between one's self and Eternity)—I began gaping stupidly into the fire, wondering how to light a candle for your cake. It was a different fire from yours: a fire of logs: wood that might have been made into desks. It was silly of me to sit brooding there, for to you of all men a letter should be the unstudied excess of the mind. But it was the distance between us, as snow was sifting, that chilled my fingers. You have said pleasant things about the difficulties of Distant Correspondence; but no letter was ever addressed you from so far as this. I sat there, empty of everything but angry love. I could not write, so in your honor I had some hot water with its Better Adjunct, and went to bed.

What can I tell you that would interest you most? There are still Richardsons about (you remember him, the fellow who used to keep you waiting for your holidays? What an uneasy immortality he got himself thereby); and fellows like Rickman, of whom you said that he didn't have to be told a thing twice, are still rare birds. But it is as impossible to be bored on Murray Hill as it was on Fleet Street. Your old anxieties about abstaining from tobacco and liquor would be made more metaphysical here, since the abstention is supposed to be compulsory. You'd be amused, if you knew how you are regarded as a gospel for the young, "studied" in schools, your desperate and special humor conned as a textbook of "whimsicality." Yes, they still label you "the gentle." They have forgotten your letters to S. T. C., imploring him to substitute drunken, shabby, unshaven, cross-eyed, stammering, or any other epithet that rang true in your ear. So endlessly has your "gentleness" been drummed into young ears that there has been, among our more savage juniors, a kind of odd blindness as to the real you. Perhaps they do not know you as you are in your letters. The rest of you, I must confess, it is long since I read. I am not a systematic reader, I love to gather my notions of people from their casual ejaculations rather than where they open themselves deliberately. So it is in your letters that I have you and hold you. There you have taught us, more than a hundred novelists could do, what love means. It suffers long and is kind. There I see your trouble and weakness so much greater than many others' strength. There I see you laughing at solemn apes; I see your divine silliness and your rich shrewdness. Sometimes, when my self-pitying generation beats its breast, I think of your magnanimous patience. I think of your rockets of absurdity, sent up like sea-signals on a dark sky of loneliness. I think of those last days when you and Mary said that the auction-posters were your playbills. I think of your great love-story—yours and Mary's—perhaps the bravest in the world. Then I wonder whether some of us nowadays should not write an *Apologia pro Vita Sua*—an Apology for living in a Sewer.

You could remember "few specialties in your life," you wrote once for someone (a publisher, perhaps?) who wanted a blurb about you. Except, you added, that you "once caught a swallow flying." Indeed you did: the wild fierce bird of laughter with wet eyes. I think that to have known you when you had been walking arm in arm with Barleycorn, and cast no shadow on the pavements of Covent Garden, would have been very close to my idea of religion. I smile, as you did, to remember that the Woodbridge Book Club blackballed your volume. There was something in it—they did not know just what—that was not quite seemly. This implicates me, too, for some of my forebears, I suspect, may have cast a black pellet or so in that matter. I apologize: and neither of us loves them any the less for their genteel simplicity. And indeed that strange fancy of yours, when brightened into flame by understanding intercourse, must have been a lovely and reproachable sight.

We shall receive no letters in the grave, someone said: Doctor Johnson, perhaps. It is just as well, for you would scarcely relish this one. But it had to be written. If there are 150 candles on this cake of yours, they will be put there by the 150 who think of you not as the gentle, but as the tormented, desperate, mad, and tipsy Elia. Still as you said of the "Ancient Mariner," literature can sting us through sufferings into high pleasure. "I shall never like tripe again." Once you wrote "I never saw a hero; I wonder how they look." Ah, dear Charles, you need not have searched far. Mary could have told you.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Ravin's of Piute Poet Poe

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, eerie, scary,
I was wary, I was weary, full of worry, thinking of my lost Lenore,
Of my cheery, airy, faery, fiery Dearie—(Nothing more).
I was napping, when a tapping on the overlapping
coping, woke me gapping, yapping, groping . . .
toward the rapping. I went hopping, leaping . . .
hoping that the rapping on the coping
Was my little lost Lenore.
That on opening the shutter to admit the latter
critter, in she'd flutter from the gutter with her
bitter eye's a-glitter;
So I opened wide the door, what was there? The
dark weir and drear moor,—or I'm a liar—the
dark mire, the drear moor, the mere door, and
nothing more!

Then in stepped a stately Raven, shaven like the
bard of Avon; yes, a rovin' grievin' Raven, seeking haven at my door.
Yes, that shaven, rovin' Raven had been movin'
(Get me, Stephen) for the warm and lovin'
haven of my stove an' oven door—
Oven door, and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember, every ember that December turned from amber to burnt umber;
I was burning limber lumber in my chamber that
December, and it left an amber ember.
With a silken, sad uncertain flirtin' of a certain
curtain,
That old Raven, cold and callous, perched upon
the bust of Pallas,
Just above my chamber door;
(A lusty, trusty bust, thrust just
Above my chamber door.)
Had that callous cuss shown malice? Or sought
solace, there on Pallas?
(You may tell us, Alice Wallace).
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, hidden in the
shade, an' broodin',—
If a maiden out of Eden sent this sudden bird invadin'
My poor chamber; and protrudin' half an inch
above my door.
Tell this broodin' soul (he's breedin' bats by too
much sodden readin'—reading Snowden's ode to
Odin)
Tell this soul by nightmare's ridden, if (no kiddin')
on a sudden
He shall clasp a radiant maiden born in Aiden or
in Leyden or indeed in Baden Baden—
Will he grab this buddin' maiden, gaddin' in forbidden Eden,
Whom the angels named Lenore?
Then that bird said: "Never more."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil, navel, novel, or
boll weevil,
You shall travel, on the level! Scratch the gravel,
now, and travel!
Leave my hovel, I implore."
And that Raven never flitting, never knitting, never
tatting, never spouting "Never more."
Still is sitting (out this ballad) on the solid bust
(and pallid)—on the solid, valid, pallid bust
above my chamber door:
And my soul is in his shadow, which lies floating
on the floor,
Fleeting, floating, yachting, boating on the fluting
of the matting,—
Matting on my chamber floor.

C. L. EDSON.

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Books of Special Interest

Trade Imperialism

OUR COMPETITORS AND MARKETS. By ARNOLD W. LAHEE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1924.

Reviewed by G. B. ROORBACH
Harvard University.

THE sub-title of this book, "An Introduction to Foreign Trade," indicates that it is one of the large crop of books that have resulted from the war and post-war interest in the United States in the problems of foreign commerce. After an introductory chapter dealing with the interests of the United States in foreign trade, the book aims to give the commercial geography of a selected list of foreign countries. For Europe three chapters discuss Great Britain, Germany, and France; Latin America is given six chapters—one each on Argentina, Brazil, Chile, the West Indies, Central America, and Mexico; China, Japan, the East Indies, India, and Australasia complete the chapter headings.

In the opening chapter, the author develops the thesis that man-power—the growth of population—is a "primary element of a nation's strength" and that population growth is best promoted by the industrialization of the nation. Foreign trade, by offering a market for manufacturing products, is greatly to be desired, therefore, since it stimulates manufacturing and encourages population growth! To this end, the industrial nations of western Europe must be looked upon by the United States as competitors to be worsted in a commercial struggle for the non-European markets which will absorb the manufactured exports of the industrial sections of Europe and the United States! For this struggle, investment of capital abroad, the upbuilding of a merchant marine, intervention in the affairs of Latin America, and similar means, are all upheld as necessary weapons for establishing our foreign trade. It is a doctrine of trade imperialism.

From this viewpoint, the nations treated are discussed either as competitors or as markets. In spite of the warning of Europe's competitive power in the opening chapter, the conclusion is reached in later chapters that "Great Britain's competitive strength is on the decline;" "Germany's prospects as a competitor of the United States are slight;" "France will concentrate upon her colonial markets rather than compete with American industry." Since industrial Europe is also declared an insufficient and declining market for United States manufactured products, it might seem that the United States has nearly a free field in the non-European countries. Not so, however. In the new world "Argentina, producing little that we need and demanding quality goods, falls naturally to the lot of European commerce." Only Brazil commands the author's enthusiasm as a market for the United States in the western hemisphere. Canada, however, although it is the largest new world foreign market, is not treated in the book.

The geographic interpretation of the countries discussed will hardly satisfy the economic geographer, the economist or the foreign trader. When it is stated that Brazil is a more promising market than the Argentine because it is most unlike the United States, it may be pointed out that industrially Brazil is much more like the United States than Argentina. Southern Brazil is one of the promising industrial regions of the world; Argentina has comparatively small prospects in that direction. The fact that last year—1923—the United States exported over $15,000,000 in textile manufactures to Argentina and less than $1,500,000 to Brazil is evidence of the strength of Brazil's growing cotton textile manufacturing industry.

That foreign trade is a vital element in the economic life of the United States is hardly open to question; that it assumes even greater importance as the United States becomes increasingly industrial is also clear. Both the facts of national experience and the results of economic reasoning lead to the conclusion that international trade must be greatest for, and between, those nations of highest industrial development. The demands of a modern industrial state are extremely exacting. Raw materials in ever increasing variety, of exactly the right quality and grade, and at lowest cost, are demanded in the manufacturing industries as they grow more complex with the advance of scientific discovery and the refinements of manufacturing technique. The advancing standards of living also of the peoples in developed countries requires, in increasing degree, the best that the world can afford—in foods, in clothing, in manufactured products, whether staple, novelty, or luxury. No one country—not even the United States with its vast area and its abundant resources—can meet its own needs. In fact, the need and demand for foreign products increases with every development of our resources and our industries and the growth of our population. The supplying of these needs means importing; to pay for the imports the nation must export. Thus is foreign trade built up, the developing of exports making possible the satisfaction of national needs through importing the products the nation itself cannot produce or cannot produce to advantage. The emphasis in national foreign trade policy should be put on adjustment, not struggle; on coöperation, not competition; on international good will, not jealous rivalry; on exchange of goods, not merely exporting.

Ibanez—Pamphleteer

ALFONSO XIII UNMASKED: The Military Terror in Spain. By V. BLASCO IBANEZ. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. $1.

REVIEWED BY T. J. C. MARTYN

AS the fifth horseman of the Apocalypse Señor Ibañez is a distinct success. As Propaganda he has ridden roughshod over the face of Spain. His horsemanship is excellent, his courage superb, his seat entirely correct. The people of Spain, not excluding the Directorate, have naturally been much exercised at the appearance of so dashing a cavalier. The effect, in other words, has measured the success.

The purpose of Propaganda in Spain was to distribute the lampoon on the King of Spain now under review. Out of two million copies dropped from the skies the Directorate confiscated the vast majority, and was imprudent enough to raise a hue and cry against the author. Such noises led Ibañez to publish his tract in foreign countries and here it is in the U. S.

Nobody mentally balanced would for a moment describe Spain as the perfect state—there are no perfect states. Spain can rather be called one of the most imperfect states. The military dominance in civil affairs, while not actually amounting to a terror, is at once a danger and a curse, depending, as it does, upon force for its existence. King Alfonso is responsible for this military régime, according to Ibañez, as he is responsible for the protracted Moroccan war, the wholesale corruption, and a host more ills with which Spain is afflicted. Everything is piled at the King's door. It is not so much Ibañez' attack, but the method and manner of his manœuvers. There is much, too much, to attack in Spain and to attack it is right and just. But the campaign must be expertly commanded, must rely upon facts taken from Spain and not contortions that bear the imprint of hysterical prejudice. It is tying up the King to the responsibility for all that has happened in Spain that first arouses the distrust of the reader. When it comes to coarse invective, to calling the King a liar, a coward, an embezzler, the reader is able to dismiss the whole matter as an excellent piece of propaganda, ably written according to a code in which truth, decency, and sportsmanship have no place.

King Alfonso, like most other mortals, is not above criticism; but it is sheer humbug to say that he is responsible for the Moroccan fiasco or that he was pro-German during the War. The King had too many interests in England to make him enamoured of the cause of Wilhelm von Hohenzollern. In this connection it is rather odd and slightly ridiculous that the anti-German Ibañez should pay frequent tribute to the once pro-German Alba while reviling the anti-German King Alfonso. The whole subject is now inconsequential.

If the King is vain, and he is, Ibañez is vainer. He likens himself to Victor Hugo and Zola. Some fatuous writers have even compared him to the unknown author of the famous Junius Letters. But in Ibañez are lacking Victor Hugo's striking contempt for the "Little Corporal," Zola's zeal for justice in the Dreyfus case, and Junius's sparkling and brutal sarcasm at Grafton's expense. He has written a libelous tirade against the King, devoid of literary merit and without force, except that which is contumely. But, in justice to Ibañez, these are the methods of modern propaganda and Ibañez has become a pamphleteer *par excellence.*

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Books of Special Interest

Clever Essays

FANTASIES AND IMPROMPTUS. By JAMES AGATE. New York: G. P. Dutton & Co. 1924.

Reviewed by J. RANKEN TOWSE

THESE fifteen essays, whether or no they cost much labor in the writing, assuredly make easy and attractive reading. They are an agreeable mixture of liveliness and learning, the latter being curiously varied, if not always very profound. If some of the thoughts expressed, though not fantastic, are somewhat suggestive of the hasty impromptu, a sufficient defense, perhaps, may be found in the title. Mr. Agate is the possessor of an ample and pungent vocabulary, a fluent and sparkling style, and a notable gift of description. His scholarship is attested by the readiness and aptness of his quotations and his versatility by his subjects, which range from the problem of eternity to the prize-ring and the circus. Of all things terrestrial he writes with more or less intimate knowledge.

In his opening "fanfare" he delivers a resounding satirical broadside against the methods and manners of yellow journalism and the trashy quality of "best selling" novels with all their sentimental platitudes and falsities. His attack is abundantly vigorous, and justified, but would be more effective had it exhibited a trifle more restraint and originality and less of that journalistic extravagance which he is denouncing. This last remark will apply also to his paper on Sarah Bernhardt, which often approaches the hysterical in its gush of rapturous adoration. She was a wonderful actress and woman, but she had her limitations. He is very angry with Bernard Shaw for alludin gto them—possibly with an excess of synicism—but here, at any rate, Mr. Shaw shows himself the more discerning critic of the two. But in another essay, contrasting two plays—one "The Happy Ending," by Ian Hay, and the other, "The Rumor," by C. K. Munro—Mr. Agate shows how surely he can discriminate between the merely effective theatrical concoction and the genuine drama of point and substance. Mr. Munro had the good material but lacked the mechanical skill to put it in striking dramatic, or rather theatrical, form.

* *

On political questions Mr. Agate is fervent, eloquent, and generally sound, although, now and then, his utterances savor somewhat of the soap-box. Of the horse he is an ardent lover, and apparently an admirable judge. Whether at the Agricultural Hall or at Olympia, he seems to be in his proper element, depicting the animated scenes with vivacious enthusiasm and a convincing suggestion of technical knowledge. But he is just as much at home as the expert reporter of a boxing match, or in the cricket field, where he reveals himself as a doughty champion of the purest amateur principles. In another paper, of much literary excellence, he appears as a close student and devoted worshipper of Balzac, but here again, perhaps, there is more facility of expression than of critical acumen. He has expended most care, probably, on his essay called "Looking and Leaping," in which a well-told story of a fatal mountain accident leads up to a discussion of death and the hereafter. It is a brilliantly written paper, to which Shakespeare, Maupassant, Lamp, Maeterlinck, Montaigne, Allan Monkhouse, and others are made to contribute, but, being merely speculative, is, of course, futile, except as proof of his own horror of annihilation. He says that Samuel Johnson was wrong when he said that it was not the thing itself, but the apprehension of it that was terrible, but his own passionate protest goes to show that the hard-headed and dogmatic old doctor was right. In this clever and entertaining book the most serious pages are not always the most valuable.

World History

THE CHILD'S STORY OF THE HUMAN RACE. By RAMON COFFMAN. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1924. $3.50.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

THERE can be no doubt that World Histories for children are in fashion, and to Mr. Van Loon must the credit of the pioneer be assigned. In some ways his book is not to be surpassed by any of his followers, but other writers upon his subject are undoubtedly presenting points of departure of sufficient originality to warrant their immediate acceptance in a modern child's library. The most recent of the group is Ramon Coffman's "The Child's Story of the Human Race," a large book, 460 interesting pages. If Mr. V. M. Hillyer's recent excellent "Child's History of the World" (smaller and more compact than either Van Loon's or our present volume) may be said to emphasize the adaptation of the theme to much younger children than have previously been made audiences for this decidedly overwhelming subject, then Mr. Coffman's book, it seems to me, should be set down as adding to this consideration of a younger age the selection of manners, customs, dress, and practical life as primarily the topics upon which he will dwell. The advantages are obvious: nothing more instantly or genuinely interests a child, and the interest is of a kind which will appeal to his constructive imagination. Relating his reading to his own concrete life, he visualizes and retains the new picture as a narrative of events alone will quite fail to inspire him to do.

The disadvantages are also clear. A microscopic view is fascinating but restricted, and details offer a temptation to obscure the chronological relation which it is as difficult as it is desirable to impart. Mr. Coffman does fall a little short in this respect, and also his zeal to omit empty dates and classifications has betrayed him into a real lack of practical means for orientation in time. His book would be benefited, for example, by more maps and by a few simple, graphic diagrams of the relation of successive periods of time and of the placing of certain outstanding events, which would not at all detract from the praiseworthy simplicity of his text.

A criticism of style may be superfluous in connection with a book of this kind, but all good influences are of value in a fine book, so it seems a pity that the English here is monotonous in its succession of short, choppy sentences. The intention is clear and its motive correct—that is, a child's mind grasps a short sentence and discards a long one, relaxing its effort half-way. So the adjustment is merely a matter of degree. Mr. Coffman's English could well be a little more flowing and possess more character and dignity, but we should not want to relinquish any of its admirable directness and simplicity.

The illustrations cannot be too highly praised. In addition to their profuseness they are for the most part "made by people living during the times of which the history is written," and this adds tremendously to the atmosphere of the pages. I have never seen a more interesting collection in any such history.

The sum of all this seems to be that, in addition to possessing very real merits of its own as an earliest introduction to the subject, this will be an especially valuable book to use in connection with other histories, making ramifying studies of one or two periods at a time but finally completing a conception of the whole. Is not this indeed the only way in which such a large subject can be approached by children? It is a question whether any world history could ever be read straight through without mental indigestion, except by a very mature and thoughtful child. But whatever the approach, this is an excellent contribution to the subject.

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Foreign Literature

A Panoramic View

SCHWEDISCHE LITERATUR. By HELMUT DE BOOR. Breslau: Ferdinand Hirt, 1924.

Reviewed by ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

OF the various "series" of books on related subjects, publication of which was discussed during the World War though not actually effected until the close of that episode, none has achieved greater distinction, or deserves more solid praise, than the volumes of "Jedermanns Bücherei," or, in plain English, "Everyman's Library." And of these volumes, Professor De Boor's on Swedish literature must take high rank because of the reasoned conservatism of its views and the degree to which a huge mass of illuminating material has been condensed into little space. This is a small book—116 pages in all—but to know it is to have a clear idea of the evolution of the literature of Sweden from the very early days when her "literature" consisted of such church tracts and unmelodious hymns as had been committed to manuscripts down to the most recent work of Selma Lagerlöf and Erik Axel Karlfeldt, the latter of whom holds at present the unenviable position of Secretary of the Swedish Academy.

Professor De Boor has no delusions regarding the impossible dulness of early Swedish writings; he knows in truth that when Norway and Denmark were able to point to skalds and bards whose works are even now the pride of their respective countries—and the nightmare of university seminars—Sweden was moping about in Latin or in dialects that seem to have been spoken rather than written. Nor can the Swedes of today exult in their first author, Birgitta (1303-1373), whose "visions" were unusual without being valuable. It is not, indeed, until the Reformation, which struck Sweden hard, that such men as Olavus Petri, Johannes Messenius, Lars Wivallius, and others equally obscure, began to "populate the quadrangular white deserts" with thoughts that survive and pictures that uplift. Since then, Swedish literature has gone on its way, rising gradually until we reach the names that made the nineteenth century one of glory for which no price would be too high.

Professor De Boor explains Strindberg's lifelong interest in and frequent reference to electricity on the ground that his own soul and body were as sensitive to impressions as a connected wire. He contends that Selma Lagerlöf's worth and fame are a matter of breadth rather than depth, and that Gustav Fröding, "Sweden's greatest contemporary poet," owed much to Nietzsche.

The volume contains twenty-one illustrations and is unreservedly recommended to anyone who would fondly do with Swedish literature what is being attempted in every other field at present: get a bird's eye view of it.

Bunin's Latest Book

ROSA YERIKHONA. (The Rose of Jericho). By IVAN BUNIN. Berlin: "Slovo" Publishing Co. 1924.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF

A RUSSIAN reviewer has called this book an antique chest set in gold, adorned with enamel and incrustations and containing gems of purest quality and finest shape. Unlike the contemporary producers of so many novels a year, the master who has cast his inspirations and dreams into the perfect form of these verbal jewels does not gratify us often with his books; but whatever he does write is a masterpiece, a thing of beauty forever.

In this new volume the author of "The Gentleman from San Francisco" and of "The Dreams of Chang" has assembled twenty-odd short stories that he has written in the course of the last years and that have not yet been translated into English, as well as a score of poems. I have said "short stories," but I do not know whether this is an accurate definition of these inimitable, mostly plotless, pieces some of which might be also called lyrical or philosophical poems in prose, while some others remind one of Biblical songs or old Oriental legends. For I. A. Bunin has not only a style, but also æsthetic forms of his own.

The atmosphere permeating the book is condensed in two introductory pages from which the whole volume takes its title.

As a symbol of eternal life and of resurrection, the Orientals used to put in olden days the Rose of Jericho into coffins and graves.

For this weed is truly miraculous. Torn off and taken by the pious pilgrim thousands of miles away from its native land, it may lie for years as a dry, gray, dead tuft. But as soon as it is dipped into the water, it begins to revive, its turn green, buds, and shows little pale pink flowers. And the poor human heart rejoices, consoled: there is no death in the world!

. . .

O, Rose of Jericho! I dip the stems and the roots of my past into the living water of my heart, into the pure sap of love, sorrow and tenderness, and again, again my miraculous weed buds and blossoms!

Both these symbols, the dead desert and the Rose of Jericho blossoming even in this dead desert, are equally typical of Bunin's art. An indefatigable traveller, who finds equally fragrant and pliant words for depicting his native Russian landlord's manor and the exotic landscape, he combines in his soul "two truths": no writer conveys to the reader a stronger sensation of the eternal, undying joy of life, and no writer makes one feel more keenly that all is "vanity and vexation of spirit." He sympathizes equally with a sixteen year old girl who listens delightedly to the fairy-tale of spring "that has been told already thousands of times to the world" and with the omnipotent Temir-Aksak-Khan who "has lost the desire to desire anything."

⁂ ⁂

It is the strange harmony of these two elements that characterizes more than anything else the world in which Bunin lives and in which he makes his readers live. For Bunin has a distinct world of his own in which the reality and the dream, the dim past of the mankind and the present, the Russian and the eternally international combine without losing their respective individualities. And all these elements are permeated with one all-pervading lyrical tension—so intensely happy and so painfully sorrowful at once—which is typical of Bunin alone, and which is only stressed by the stern modesty and ascetic restraint with which the author choses and uses his simple words.

Bunin has been unanimously recognized long since as the best living master of Russian prose. Now as some of his masterpieces have been put into English, and especially into French (most of the stories contained in the present volume have already appeared in various French periodicals) he is also rapidly gaining international recognition. But one may be almost sure that he will never win the Nobel prize. He is one of the most remarkable contemporary authors, no doubt. But he has never "struggled against prejudices," or preached disarmament, nor has he ever done other fashionably liberal things that have very little to do with literature. He is not a writer for the masses, either. This, however, does not prevent his present volume from being one of the finest works of art that have appeared in the course of recent years.

Foreign Notes

THERE is shortly to be published in English the complete edition of "The Letters of Anton Pavlovitch Chehov to Olga Knipper," translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. The letters start with the beginning of Chehov's acquaintance with Olga Knipper, one of the leading actresses at the Art Theatre in Moscow, in 1899, two years before he married her, and continue down to 1904, the year of his death. Only a few were published until last year, when the whole collection was issued in Berlin.

⁂

The first volume of "Der Weltkrieg, 1914 bis 1918," a work based on German official archives (Berlin: Mittler), covers the Battles of the Frontier on the Western Front up to August 27, 1914. It is distinctly propagandist in tone and contains no facts that are not fairly well known, but is interesting as representing the German attitude of mind.

⁂

In "Netty" (Milan: Mondadori), Virgilio Brocchi, who has to his credit some excellent Italian novels, has produced a sketch of delightful quality. It is the chronicle of a friend of his mother who stood in the relation of aunt to her children, and is a picturesque account of her not unchecquered girlhood and the later years of devotion to her friend and her friend's children. It is written with tenderness and sympathy, if in somewhat romantic vein, and is incidentally an interesting portrayal of life in a middle-class Italian family which through a great part of its career was faced with struggle and poverty.

⁂

"The Constant Nymph," which is soon to be published in this country, is having a great success among those English readers who are always on the lookout for good new writers. The author, Miss Margaret Kennedy, published about a year ago a story called "The Ladies of Lyndon." It was quite unlike "The Constant Nymph," the scene being laid in an English countryside. "The Constant Nymph" is far more ambitious, and deals with the world of music. The central figure, Albert Sanger, whose personality pervades the book, although he only makes one brief appearance in the story, is a genius, thought by some people to have been drawn very closely from an English portrait painter who has an international reputation.

⁂

Régis Michaud has recently published a volume, rather elementary to be sure, but nevertheless of considerable interest to the French reader entitled "La Pensée Americaine: Autour d'Emerson" (Paris: Bossard). It is a collection of essays in interpretation of the thought of Emerson and other American writers of the nineteenth century, notably Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, William and Henry James, and Henry Adams, with some comment upon current literary practice and tendencies.

Two books which are arousing a good deal of comment are The War Diaries of Lord Bertie, and General J. H. Morgan's Records of Conversations with the Late Lord Morley. Lord Bertie, who was British Ambassador in Paris, kept a day-to-day diary from about a week before the outbreak of War, till his retirement in 1918. What gives special value to the work, is that it is scarcely bowdlerized at all. It is, therefore, full of valuable indiscretions. As it was passed by the British Foreign Office, there are some who, at any rate, pretend to think that its publication was allowed by a distinguished member of the late Labor Government in order that the public might see how very commonplace and often mistaken were the various famous men concerned with the conduct of the greatest war in history.

The conversations which General Morgan held with Lord Morley also partly deal with the outbreak of war, and contain some curious revelations. General Morgan will be remembered as the translator of "The German Warbook." He is a very able man, and a master of English.

⁂

THE Prix Goncourt for this year has been awarded to Thierry Sandre, essayist and poet, for a novel entitled "Le Chevrefeuille" (Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française). The book, to judge from foreign comments, is not a masterpiece despite the honor that has been bestowed upon its author. It is a psychological novel, centered about the mental and emotional experiences of a man who driven by the desire to free himself from the absorbing influences of his wife, and unbalanced by the terrific ordeal of the battle of Verdun, manages to make his escape from the army by fastening his identity on a slain man. Eventually, after the war, he returns to Paris, overwhelmed by the knowledge of his overmastering love for his wife, only to find her married to another man.

⁂

A brilliant little *tour de force* is "Seducers in Ecuador," by the clever young writer who still signs herself V. Sackville West, though she is the wife of Harold N. Olsen, author of "Verlaine" and "Byron." Mr. N. Olson is now engaged on a study of Lord Palmerston, the fascinating "Pam" of a former generation, who, when reproached with being a Don Juan, answered: "I like to give every woman a chance!"

⁂

The Oxford University Press will shortly publish the fragment of a novel written by Jane Austen in the last year of her life. The manuscript—of which only short extracts have hitherto been printed—consists of twelve chapters of what would, it would seem, have been a three-volume novel. Jane Austen gave it no name; but it has come to be known in her family as "Sanditon," from the watering-place which is its scene.

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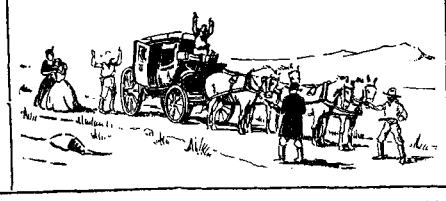

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Announcement

For the lover of books, that is to say persons who are really bookish, the list of books issued by the House of Putnam on February 6 contains many items of interest. They cover a wide range of tastes and interests from ARISTOPHANES to SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. *The list contains many hours of good reading and many books that should be permanently on the shelves of your library.*

To begin with there is a new book by *Quiller-Couch* called ADVENTURES IN CRITICISM which is uniform with his other writings, THE ART OF READING and THE ART OF WRITING, both of which have been popular for many years. From his university chair at Cambridge this critic and master of English has looked out upon the world of letters for nearly a half century. He has known scores of writers and critics; he has watched the rise and fall of literary fashions. And out of this background he has drawn the material for this wise and stimulating volume. To bookish people a new volume by Quiller-Couch is an event to mark on the calendar in red. Go now and purchase several hours of keen enjoyment. ($2.50)

George Borrow was one of the most spectacular of authors. His LAVENGRO and ROMANY RYE are, of course, classics, but they are no more fascinating or romantic than the story of his own life. Beginning as a peddler, he became writer and representative of the Bible Society in Spain. There, through a reckless spirit of adventure, he antagonized the Catholic powers of the moment and brought about a crisis which for a time threatened serious trouble between England and Spain. He was by nature a vagabond. The story of his life is set forth brilliantly by *Herbert Jenkins* in THE LIFE OF BORROW. (Illustrated, $3.75)

The week also brings the *Loeb Classical Library* edition of ARISTOPHANES in the famous *Benjamin Bickley Rogers* Translations. It is the first time that the plays of *Aristophanes* in this translation have been available at a popular price. It includes all the plays and sells for $2.50 a volume, regular cloth bound Loeb edition.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

MONUMENTS AND MEMORIALS. By *William Sener Rusk Norman.* Remington. $2.50.

ONE HUNDRED DRAWINGS. By *Abraham Wolkowitz.* Huebsch. $10.

Belles Lettres

THE GRUB STREET NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS. By *J. C. Squire.* Doran. $2.50 net.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS. A Tribute to Wilberforce Eames. Privately published.

READINGS FROM THE LITERATURE OF ANCIENT GREECE. By *Dora Pym.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.

PERSIAN LITERATURE IN MODERN TIMES. By *E. G. Browne.* Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

ROMAN LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION. Selected and edited by *George Howe* and *Gustave Adolphus Harrer.* Harpers. $4.

GREEK LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION. Selected and edited by *George Howe* and *Gustave Adolphus Harrer.* Harpers. $4.

LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH POETS. By *William Hazlitt.* Oxford.

A YEAR OF PROPHESYING. By *H. G. Wells.* Macmillian. $2.

WILLIAM MASON. By *John W. Draper.* New York University Press.

Biography

THE PRIME MINISTERS OF BRITAIN, 1721-1921. With a Supplementary Chapter to 1924. By the Hon. OLIVE BIGHAM. Dutton. 1924. $5.

The two years and a half that have elapsed since the first publication in America of Mr. Bigham's lives of the British premiers have added three men to the list. Bonar Law, Stanley Baldwin and Ramsay MacDonald furnish the subject of a guarded additional chapter in the new edition of the work. Mistrusting the worth of judgments formed too soon after the event, Mr. Bigham has made no attempt to squeeze these three figures into the general scheme of what is otherwise a book largely of comparisons. He has furnished biographical notes and brief character likenesses that closely resemble the current impressions of these three men; sketches that do not meddle too deeply with their individualities or their importance as factors in the British life-history. In closing, he points out that the last six Prime Ministers have all been lawyers, journalists, or business men who seriously practised their private vocations, and he asks whether their kind will as a type achieve the prudent moderation suitable to the great office. Is it a doubt, or merely a question? Mr. Bigham's added chapter would have made more vivid reading if he had not put such restraint on his leanings toward ministerial tradition, but the book as a whole would have lost some of its merit as a calm and deliberate appraisal.

THE PATERNITY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By *William E. Barton.* Doran. 2 vols. $2.50 net each.

SPANISH WATERS. By *Henry Reynolds.* Boston: Lauriat. $4.50 net.

THE RETURN OF THE "CUTTY SARK." By *C. Fox Smith.* Boston: Lauriat. $1.25 net.

FRONTIER LAW. By *William J. McConnell.* World Book Co. $1.20.

JOHN VISCOUNT MORLEY. By *John H. Morgan.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

THE LETTERS OF OLIVE SCHREINER. Edited by *S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner.* Little, Brown. $5 net.

CASANOVA IN ENGLAND. Edited by *Horace Bleackley.* Knopf. $5 net.

Drama

A STUDY OF THE MODERN DRAMA. By *Barrett H. Clark.* Appleton. $3.50.

TOO MUCH MONEY. By *Israel Zangwill.* Macmillan. $1.50.

Fiction

DESERT BREW. By B. M. BOWER. Little, Brown. 1924. $2.

The efficient lady who writes under the name of B. M. Bower may be counted upon to provide fresh and enlivening trimmings for her Wild West stories. She always manages to furnish something that lifts the tale out of the ruck of its class. They are typically, characteristically Wild West yarns, with a sufficiency of gun fighters, notably virile heroes, and the usual trappings, but they also manage to have a definite flavor of their own. This time the "features" include a masquerading author with a portable typewriter, and a thoroughly up-to-date outfit of bootleggers, a revenue officer-sleuth and, as a pendant to the moonshiners, a gentleman who has been taken to the ranch and mountain country by his wife to find a cure for the "drink habit." This amiable alcoholic addict also has a daughter, fully qualified for the rôle of heroine. The game becomes lively in the hunt for the source of supplies which keep the neighborhood moist. It is hardly necessary to add that there is a mine, and that the country is nicely equipped with eccentric characters. The narrative moves smoothly and rapidly, to good dramatic situations and a lively finish. There are also humorous touches, and the inevitable love story is not allowed to interfere unduly with the rest of the tale.

THE JADE GOD. By ALAN SULLIVAN. Century. 1925. $2.

Mr. Sullivan's tale has two qualities rare in books of its kind; it has distinction of style and it succeeds in building up its mystery without employing the hackneyed mechanism of the conventional detective tale. It is indeed an excellent story, well articulated, well told, moving with certainty and swiftness to an end that is in doubt until the culmination of its train of incidents. Mr. Sullivan has evolved an atmosphere of mystery from apparently commonplace circumstances, and has done it so adroitly that from the first chapter in which his hero is introduced in the act of taking possession of the country house which holds every promise of the quietude necessary to his writing to the final moment in which he is definitely relieved of its baleful influence the reader is under tension. Yet the story has few startling incidents in its chronicle of the attempt to unravel the circumstances under which the former owner of the house had been murdered. It is in the subtle influences which play upon its later tenants that the interest and suspense of the story center. These are consistently rather suggested than described, and so introduced as to build up their effect by the mere cumulation of hints rather than by unexpected happenings. The book in its sustained suspense, its fluent narrative, and its plausible unfolding of episode rises far above the majority of mystery stories of the day.

LOUDON FROM LARAMIE. By JOSEPH B. AMES. Century: 1924. $2.

Mr. Ames is a liberal provider. This story is an egg with a double yolk—twins. It is not only a strenuously active Wild West yarn, with the usual abundance of fighting, cattle rustling, and so on, but it is also a detective-puzzle story. As if it were not quite enough of a job for a hero to be a real he-man, miraculously quick on the draw and all that, without also demanding of him the duties of a highly qualified sleuth! Yet the combination works well: Loudon functions efficiently in each part of his double rôle. In fact it needed a superhero of his calibre to foil the large company of heavy villains of the piece: it runs to murders, highway robberies, and even an organized attack upon a Government shipment of money to an army post, to say nothing of the cattle and horse stealing. There is also, inevitably, a heroine who has to be kidnapped and rescued. But Loudon is equal to any emergency. When we first meet him he has taken on the job of finding out who is stealing his employer's cattle, but the larger crimes soon put such trifles into the background. In fact none of the situations which normally belong to either type of story is omitted. And it is all very well done, logically worked out through a complex plot and moving to a finish that would screen nobly. It provides a soundly guaranteed money's worth of thrills.

THE LAW OF THE THRESHOLD. By FLORA ANNIE STEEL. Macmillan. 1924. $2.25.

One has not, of course, the right to object to an author's choice of subject-matter; and if what seems to be poor material develops into a powerful and engaging book, his success is only the greater. Mrs. Steel, in "The Law of the Threshold," has chosen to write concerning the inner life of India, the religious fanaticism of its unwesternized lower

(*Continued on next page*)

Dutton's

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

strata, the significance of its cults, and the efforts of Bolshevist leaders to use these cults in their attempt to throw down British overlordship. This unfamiliar cast of mind, and the whole mystery and darkness of a primordial India she succeeds in making clear, till, for literary purposes, her study becomes lucid and comprehensible. Yet, despite her achievement and the impropriety of criticizing her subject-matter, one feels constantly that this narrative is not quite real, not quite understood, not quite—by a Westerner—understandable. No study of palpable clash of temperaments and civilizations, like "A Passage to India," this book shows a primitive, yet ancient, form of life to which, if it exists any longer, an alien cannot penetrate. Mrs. Steel, who has not been in India for many years, is herself forced to admit that she is relying upon her knowledge of India thirty years ago for this contemporary picture, and her justification is that she "simply declines to believe that three short decades have completely eradicated customs, superstitions, cults, which I know had outlasted three thousand years of much chequered fortune."

At any rate, a western mind cannot so recreate this life that it seems inevitable. But if "The Law of the Threshold" fails to appear indissoluble from real life, it is a vigorous and dramatic piece of writing. It combines with great skill a social study and a strong plot. Perhaps, after these two elements are for two-thirds of the book so thoroughly interwoven, the last hundred pages will strike the reader as a concession to the interests of the plot. Toward the end there is too much melodrama. If this book were intended only as a thrilling story, one would raise no objection; but in a serious novel the tying of Nund Kamar to the chair, his escape, the abduction of Maya Day and Charles Hastings, and the subsequent *coup* of Ffolliott, are over-sensational. But the very manner of their telling is a tribute to Mrs. Steel's talents, which, if imperfect, are considerable.

LIBERATION. By ISABEL OSTRANDER. McBride. 1924. $2.

The late Isabel Ostrander, to use a trite adjective, was prolific. Under her own name and her several pseudonyms, she wrote many books, and books of many types, gaining, as time went on, a large public. "Liberation," which is published posthumously, is a mingling of mystery and romance, a type of novel at which Mrs. Ostrander was very successful. It is unfortunate that the last book of the author of so corking a mystery as "How Many Cards?" should fall down so lamentably from the former standard. It lacks thrills; it lacks the power to grip the reader. From the point of view of plot, the only original feature of "Liberation" lies in the first few chapters, where an escaped convict comes to Mary Greenough the night of her elopement, gains her sympathy, and is taken out of danger in the machine of Mary's fiancé. After that the whole procedure and outcome, for the practised reader, are obvious. And from the point of view of characterization, this book, granting that it makes few pretensions, is unconscionably weak, shifting, and unreal. Even in a mystery, one demands a certain consistency of portrayal, a certain basic credibility of motives. This may, of course, be taking a mere spellbinder too seriously; but as a publisher of detective stories recently said, the day is past when mystery stories can be slipshod constructions which have no regard for naturalness, style, characterization, dialogue. "Liberation" lacks all of these; but it lacks additionally the power to sustain mystery; and that is fatal.

BEAU GESTE. By PERCIVAL CHRISTOPHER WREN. Stokes. 1924. $2.

Except to recommend it as a remarkably absorbing novel of adventure, there is little to say about "Beau Geste." It is the type of story which to a large degree renders criticism superfluous; the sort which, though its form is awkward and its matter lacking in every quality of excellence or importance, holds one's interest firmly and makes one go on, for four hundred closely-printed pages, to the end. Perhaps if a critical reaction should be set down, it is one's growing conviction that for what he is out to achieve, the author of "Beau Geste" knows his business.

The story relates the adventures of three brothers named Geste, who, in order to turn suspicion upon themselves after the theft of a priceless sapphire, run away from their home in England and enlist in the French Foreign Legion. This action of theirs, as well as many later ones, is extremely absurd; but their life in the Legion, which for two hundred pages lets the stolen sapphire practically go hang, is altogether vivid and thrilling. It concerns the plotting, in a Saharan outpost, of a mutiny which is only less sensational than it is realistic. This lengthy episode carries the story along with a great rush of power, and compensates for the clumsy framework, the improbable characters, the excess of *haute noblesse*, and the loose style which are the other components of the book.

THE HOUNDED MAN. By FRANCIS CARCO. Seltzer. 1924. $2.

If the modern detective story finds its beginnings in Poe, the psychological study of the criminal, which is the reverse side of the medal, depends from the "Crime and Punishment" of Dostoievsky. These studies in fear and remorse, of which "The Hounded Man" is an example, seem to be growing more and more numerous, and at the same time so clinically objective that the criminal is altogether subordinated to his predicament.

"The Hounded Man" is a severely realistic analysis of the terrible fear which proves the ruin of a callous murderer and the woman whom circumstances compelled to be associated with him. It concerns a baker who without qualms kills an old woman for her money, only to find that in his absence a woman has come to his bakeshop for bread. His primary fears are concerning who the woman is, and whether she will connect the murder with his being away from the shop. He finds her to have been a girl of the streets, and the two are drawn into a strange relationship. But once born, his fears multiply, and finally lead both him and the girl to be arrested for the crime.

As a study in cowardly and irrepressible fear, upsetting the nervous system, destroying the reason, inflaming the imagination, the novel has the bareness and yet completeness of a scientific analysis. The book, which won the Prix du Roman, is a trip into the darkness of a disordered brain, of an *ame égarée;* a record of a hounded mind rather than a hounded man. For with the baker himself the author seems unconcerned; we know nothing about him, and heightened and intensified, he lives as a one-dimensional figure. Strikingly powerful, "The Hounded Man" is yet limited in the extreme; its *motif* of fear gradually comes to resemble the beating of a tom-tom, or the dropping of water on a stone. For whereas in Dostoievsky, the crime is but the starting-place for a great revelation of character, in "The Hounded Man" the baker's crime annihilates the criminal shriveling him into a symbol of morbid fear.

RED OF THE REDFIELDS. By GRACE S. RICHMOND. Doubleday, Page. 1924. $2.

Children love stories in which the same characters figure again and again. Witness the successes, long ago, of the Rollo books, the Elsie books, and that much more delectable series which chronicled the lively doings of the "Five Little Peppers." And there are adults in whom this child-like passion for the familiar figure persists, and provides a never-failing market for such novels as "Red of the Redfields"—a market which, in this case, is specifically recognized by a note on the jacket which reads; "another story about Red Pepper Burns."

But Red Pepper Burns really does not cut much of a figure in this latest tale. Poor fellow, he has broken down from overwork and can act only as a consultant—and very little consulting he does, at that. Indeed, the only real function he fulfils (aside from lending his name to the book) is to place the post-war neuresthenic, about whom the book centers, in the strenuous circle of some Redfield cousins.

A secret marriage in haste, soon repented, moves the plot—insofar as the plot does move. But Felix, the character in whom we have really become interested, is not the one who figures in the romantic dénouement. We feel, as we close the book, much as we feel when we hear the brand-new knock in the innards of the car which we have just taken out of the garage after extensive repairs: we foresee that ere long there will have to be a new "Red" book (Pepper or Rust)—to finish off Felix.

THE SYMBOL AND THE SAINT. By EUGENE FIELD. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1924.

This reprinting of Eugene Field's Christmas fable is distinguished by its admirable typography, and especially by a charming title page, which departs successfully from the stereotyped forms.

Speaking of Books

A LOST LINCOLN

speech has been found and is now published for the first time. For more than sixty-five years Lincoln's last speech in the campaign of 1858 has been missing. Fortunately, Lincoln was sufficently concerned with its preservation to write it out in longhand and deliver the copy to "cousin Lizzie Grimsley" for safe-keeping. From this copy the speech is now published. This is one of the very few speeches that he preserved in writing and is probably the last important Lincoln manuscript which remains unpublished. This edition has thirty-two pages with fac-simile of the first page of the original manuscript and full-page illustrations from original contemporaneous photographs and prints. It is bound with cloth back and paper-covered board sides. *Lincoln's Last Speech in Springfield in the Campaign of* 1858. $1.50, postpaid $1.60.

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THE TRAIL OF THE CONESTOGA. By *B. Mabel Dunham.* Macmillan.

PIERRE AND JEAN. By *Guy de Maupassant.* Knopf.

GERMINAL. By *Emile Zola.* Knopf. $4 net.

THIS SORRY SCHEME. By *Bruce Marshall.* Harcourt, Brace. $2 net.

PARADISE. By *Cosmo Hamilton.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

TO BABYLON. By *Larry Barretto.* Little, Brown $2 net.

THE GREAT AMULET. By *Maud Diver.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

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Foreign

HORACE WALPOLE. By *Paul Yvon.* Oxford University Press.

LES RELATIONS DE VOYAGES DU XVII SIECLE ET L'EVOLUTION DES IDEES. By *Geoffroy Atkinson.* Paris: Champion.

KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH. By *Albert von Margutti.* Vienna: Manz'sche Verlag.

History

LANGUAGES: A LINGUISTIC INTRODUCTION TO HISTORY. By *J. Vendryes. Knopf.* $6 net.

HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF CHRISTIANITY. By *Pierre de Labriolle.* Knopf. $7.50 net.

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PREHISTORIC MAN. By *Jacques de Morgan.* Knopf. $5 net.

THE MERCHANT NAVY. Vol. II. *By Archibald Hurd.* Longmans, Green. $7.50.

THE MAKING OF MODERN INDIA. By *Nicol MacNicol.* Oxford. $2.50.

ON THE ROAD WITH WELLINGTON. By *August Ludolph Friedrick Schaumann.* Edited and translated by *Anthony M. Ludovici.* Knopf. $7.50 net.

RECENT AMERICAN HISTORY. By *Lester Burrell Shippee.* Macmillan.

Miscellaneous

THE PIPE BOOK. By ALFRED DUNHILL. Macmillan. 1924. $7.50.

There has been no lack of literature about the chief instrument of tobacco worship, the pipe—for in spite of the growth of the dubious cigarette habit the pipe really holds its own—but it has been left to Mr. Dunhill to combine in one delightful volume nearly all the various ways of approaching that worship, descriptive, antiquarian, historic, meditative, poetic, humorous, scientific and philosophic, just as the best smoking tobacco is a blend, a mixture of several delectable flavors. His modest preface, warning that this "is no learned Treatise" but a happy journey upon the broad back of his hobby horse, is a little too modest, for the book holds much for the archæologist and the artist as well as for the general reader.

It is, however, a loosely arranged series of chapters, though kept to some historic sequence, of accounts of the pipes of the various peoples, chiefly of the American Indians, the erudite Central and South American peoples of the past, and of other primitive folk. It gives two whole chapters to the strange pipes of Africa and it also goes into the far north of the Eskimo. Modern European pipes are covered in three chapters, one on the clay, one on various ornate types, and finally one on the crowning development of all pipes, the Briar. And everywhere the fluent narrative is brightened with anecdote and rich in the atmosphere one might expect of a smoker.

The book is beautifully made and prodigally illustrated, with 28 full page plates, (four in color) and 230 smaller illustrations in the text, all admirably reproduced, the color plates being notably successful. It is well indexed, and is a storehouse of oddities and important information, as well as a charmingly readable, gossipy, humanized narrative.

FRIENDS OF MANKIND. By DOUGLAS ENGLISH. Dutton. 1924. $3.

Mr. English, who used to be editor of *Wild Life,* an English magazine, and has special reputation as a photographer of animals, runs over what is known of man's evolution and pre-historic progress in order to work out a story of his relations to the beasts and domestications of some of them, and then, *seriatim,* his evolvings of the cattle, goats, sheep, fowls, swine, horses and asses, cats, and dogs that are now his "friends."

He does this with enthusiasm and makes a very readable popular book of it, with a foundation of science but naturally with superstructures of conjecture. Much of the latter is his own, and his suggestions are ingenious even when so imaginative that they are hard to swallow. They are by no means confined to the paleontological and ethnological past; some of the most striking ones come into his analyses of the productions of domestic breeds within historic time.

THE FABLE OF THE BEES. By *Bernard Mandeville.* Edited by F. B. Kaye. Oxford University Press. 2 vols.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS IN AMERICA. By *Louise Shelton.* Scribners. $10.

GARDENS. By *J. C. N. Foresties.* Scribners. $12.

BEETHOVEN'S NINE SYMPHONIES FULLY DESCRIBED AND ANALYZED. Vol. II. By *Edwin Evans.* Scribner's. $3.75.

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SECRET SOCIETIES AND SUBVERSIVE MOVEMENTS. By *Nesta H. Webster.* Dutton. $7.

COSTUME AND FASHION. By *Herbert Norris.* Dutton. $10.

SPIRIT AND MUSIC. By *H. Ernest Hunt.* Dutton. $1.50.

THE HANDY REFERENCE ATLAS OF THE WORLD. Edited by *John Bartholomew.* Tenth Edition. Boston: Lauriat Co.

WAR IS DEATH. PEACE *Is* LIFE. CHOOSE! By *Ethel Torrey Beacham.* Privately published.

Poetry

LEAVES OF GRASS. Inclusive Edition. Edited by EMORY HOLLOWAY. Doubleday, Page. 1924. $3.

Walt Whitman's literary executors, Richard Maurice Burke, Thomas B. Harned and Horace L. Traubel originally authorized and editorially supervised this edition of "Leaves of Grass," which has heretofore appeared in so many "garbled, fragmentary and unauthorized editions."

The present volume is printed from a new set of plates and its thin paper lends it compactness. The editor acknowledges the help of Carl Van Doren in preparing it. A feature of the book is the inclusion of Whitman's prefaces of 1855, 1872, 1876, and 1888 now brought together as a supplement in their original text. The Variorium readings have been revised. The chronology of the poems has been carefully indicated.

This is now the definite edition of Whitman's poetry, essential to any extended study of the poet's work. Whitman's original text has been restored. This is a book for the general reader, a book with which every true lover of American poetry should be thoroughly familiar.

SUSQUEHANNA. By FREDERIC BRUSH. Portland: Mosher. 1924.

Much of this verse is undistinguished, but occasionally, as in "Hickory Dance," Mr. Brush strikes out a poem individually racy of the soil and distinctively American. The use of colloquial words and phrases as in "Red Rock Spree," is successful. From a number of verses the true color and tang of a certain section of American countryside emerges. Had Mr. Brush the technique of, say, a Robert Frost he could have fashioned from the rich material in which he has delved a book of poems more valuable as an interpretation of things native. As it is he is, at his best, a far more distinguished colloquial American writer than the widely-popular Edgar Guest. His best work is in the true tradition of Harte, say, and Riley—his province quite his own. His "inspirational" poems are, however, comparatively valueless.

THE VOICE OF THE SEVEN THUNDERS. By WILLIAM EARL HILL. Boston. Four Seas. 1924.

The Contemporary Series of the Four Seas Company has, in the past, contained some excellent titles, Gordon Bottomley's drama "Laodice and Danae," Richard Aldington's "Images—Old and New," and Stephen Vincent Benet's rare first book of poems, "Five Men and Pompey"; but Mr. Hill's present volume does not add to the prestige of the series. An occasional poem like the title-poem attracts with its title but an examination of the verse yields little reward. This poet has not yet emerged from stereotyped expression.

THE BEST POEMS OF 1924. Edited by L. A. G. STRONG. Small, Maynard. 1924. $2.

This is the second of Mr. Strong's "Best Poems" compilations. The poems are drawn from periodical work and from certain volumes of current poetry. The magazines whose leaves have been removed include *The Atlantic Monthly, New Republic, Liberator, Literary Review, Syn, Poetry,* and *Vanity Fair* in America, and the *Nation and Athenaeum, London Mercury, Spectator, Times,* and *Transatlantic Review* in England. Mr. Strong's taste is contemporary and catholic. He selects *Leonard Bacon's* "Mirrors of Grub Street" from Dr. Canby's original *Literary Review,* from Joseph Auslander as well as from Thomas Hardy, and gives adequate representation to American poets side by side with their English cousins. The result is a volume full of pungency and spice, with a number of new names and a number of poems probably ephemeral which still contribute scintillations of various ray. Mr. Strong's introduction is engaging in its "Apology for Errors" and eminently sensible in its urbane discussion of anthological problems. His volume is edged with individuality. He is one of the few new anthologists of whom this can be said. He purveys a bottle of olives—Queen and stuffed!

A WIND BLOWING OVER. By *Clara Platt Meadowcraft.* Harold Vinal.

ELEVEN POETS. Vol. I. *Harold Vinal.*

MOSTLY MOONSHINE. By *Madeleine Nightingale.* Appleton.

MILTON'S POEMS. By *John Milton.* Oxford. $3.50.

BETWEEN DAWN AND SUNRISE. By *William Kavanaugh Doty.* Norman, Remington. $1.50.

Travel

THE ROAD TO TIMBUKTU. By LADY DOROTHY MILLS. Small, Maynard. 1924.

To most of us the name of Timbuktu is associated with the poor missionary and the voracious cassowary of nursery rhyme. Few of us realize that Timbuktu was once the center of the slave trade with its slim maidens, ebony black; was once a seat of learning, science, and literature, second only, perhaps, to Cairo and Fez, and is today the gate-way of a flourishing trade between the great unknown country of the south, and the caravan routes centuries old, leading north across the Sahara. Travelling inland from the west coast by train, by steamboat, by native-propelled barges, by every casual Allah-will-provide method of African travel, Lady Dorothy Mills visited this famed city in February, 1923, the first Englishwoman within its walls. Steeped with the enthusiasm of the born traveller, she presents a series of pen pictures of African life, portrayed with vigor of style and charm of expression. She depicts native life and social practice with considerable detail, and withal without the taint of vulgarity which a less skilful and refined artist could hardly escape. She pays a special tribute to those soldiers of France, to those scattered units of white humanity, who, leading their hard and barren lives in these frontier settlements of the Soudan, are sowing the seed on stony ground for a great harvest of wealth and trade, and eventually of art, and letters, and a new civilization.

War

THE EMPIRE AT WAR. By *Sir Charles Lucas.* Vol. III. Oxford University Press.

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR. Outline of Plan. Edited by *James T. Shotwell.* Washington: Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. (Yale University Press).

Mockbeggar

By Laurence W. Meynell

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Points of View

The Profanity Motive

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

The frequency of the "profanity-motive" now so much in evidence in literature and in casual conversation raises the question of its explanation. To call it a fad is but to give it a tag. Gertrude Atherton says it is "post-war license affecting all classes." This interpretation half implies that it is a passing phase. If so, perhaps "least said, soonest mended." But Mrs. Atherton doesn't quite think so. At any rate she can't practice the heroic method of silence, but opens the flood gates of her scorn: [Gora Dwight] "could afford to disdain the latrinities of the younger school. A marvellous fact. Most of them used the frank vocabularies of the humble home, as alone synonymous with Truth. Never before had such words invaded the sacrosanct pages of American letters. Little they recked, as Mr. Lee Clavering, who took the entire school as an obscene joke, pointed out, that they were but taking the shortest cut . . . to save themselves the exhausting effort of acquiring a vocabulary and forming a style.

"The spade as a symbol has vanished from fiction."

Her criticism should strike home, for there is in it no cant, no sentimentalism; but she confronts the offender squarely, on his own ground—that of literary craftsmanship. There is no soft talk of morality, but all is of *art*. When that condemns there is no "come-back."

But apparently there is. Literary art is the sum of Clayton Hamilton's apologia for Eugene O'Neill: "It is, I think, his sense of literary style that accounts for his fondness for obscene phrases and profane ejaculations, more than any wish to shock the ladies in the audience or to assert his unconventionality. Most of the swearing in the world is done from an obscure desire to revel in the sound of words; and the language of Falstaff is, in many ways, more eloquent than that of Hamlet. Merely as a matter of literary style it is far more effective for a dramatist to call his heroine a bitch than to call her a wanton; and this is a point that Mr. O'Neill has sensed with nicety."

This is an admirable statement. One may go far in accepting it. O'Neill gives us the life of the sea from a new angle. If it is not pretty, we still cannot forego the truth of it. When iron is needed for the speech, it is good for the soul. So beauty out of ugliness. Yet with all this one may harbor regrets. Literary judgment is a matter of the individual. There is still a virtue in reticence and in the sting of Mrs. Atherton's rebuke.

That rebuke, however, is not for people who have something to say—at least on underlying theory; it is for the debatable uses of lesser fry—and for the horde of their imitators in current fiction, and, one may add, current speech. It is here that the profanity-motive appears as a fad. For the purpose of this thesis "The Plastic Age," a book of genuine worth, is a text-book of examples. More, and more wearisome profanities will not be easily found within the same compass. The futility of it all stares at you. Artistry is one corner of the author's thesis.

Mrs. Atherton's explanation of this current mode as a "post-war license" is too obvious and too indefinite. The important question is, What does it signify? Is it really negligible, or does it mark seriously a trend not wisely to be disregarded? It is distinctly to be classed as one of the things that "are done." Yet one must walk warily. There *is* in it the quality of the passing phase, for it is thought-less, not thought-ful; a bit of conformity; a half-unconscious reflex from the new freedom and from religious controversy—and it is *not* a reasoned choice. These two aspects show a danger, and a safeguard. The danger is that of the slow fading, under this subtle habit, of the spirit of romance before the great mysteries which we are and in which we are immersed; the safeguard is the more probable reverse swing in the maturing years. Meanwhile, only good example and sound criticism can save us from sad mistakes; and a loss of the spirit of romance as an attitude and an emotion of deep significance for the well-being of humanity would be a mistake of the first magnitude.

ATHERTON NOYES.

Newspaper "Knowledge"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In recent editorials you treated the subject of "Newsstand Knowledge" and Newspaper influence half-facetiously and half-seriously. You have doubtless read with some surprise the remarks of Mark Twain, as recorded in the so-called Autobiography (Vol. I) on the same old but ever new topic. Mark Twain's glowing tributes to newspaper education utterly lack discrimination and can only excite mirth among the sober-minded journalists who love their work and know what the daily paper could do for the great public, which does not read many books or the solid and informing magazines, if the publishers and editors possessed the requisite courage, common sense, and independence to introduce the necessary reforms!

Today, alas, newsstand knowledge is too often knowledge of "what is not so." Downright faking is not as common as, say, twenty years ago, but in other respects the newspaper has suffered grave retrogression. The decline of the editorial page is notorious, but that would not be an unmitigated calamity if the newspaper brought its readers real facts, honest and accurate data, raw material for judgments. After all, a publisher is only a man who owns a printing press, and his opinions, actual or pretended, are of little importance save in the exceptional case where the publisher is respected in his community for his integrity, candor, ability, and authority. What we have a right to demand of the newspaper is honest and efficient presentation of the news. This is no light task, but it can be achieved by a staff well trained and instructed to eschew sensationalism, superficiality, vulgarity, verbosity, and foolish haste.

One cardinal reform to be devoutly wished and worked for is the reduction of the mere bulk of the newspaper. As *The Villager* said some time ago, the quantity of newspaper reading matter is itself demoralizing and dementalizing. What torrents of futile and meaningless words, what idle repetition; what futile guesses and short lived rumors and speculations the newspaper inflicts on the long suffering public!

I am not objecting to the growing number of departments and features in the newspaper. One can reduce impossible size for one's self. For example, one can skip the sporting pages, the comics, the society gossip, the ads, the tedious and hackneyed stories, the serial fiction, etc. Such a policy, actually practiced by many, removes vexations. But the intelligent reader wants reliable, well written reports and correspondence on politics—national, foreign, state, and local—on economics on business, on drama, music, pictures, etc. Such a reader prefers one good report or article to several poor ones, and he does not insist on up-to-the-minute cables and dispatches. He would rather wait a reasonable time than be regaled with worthless stuff. He would rather have two London letters a week of the right sort than fifty cables, wireless reports, and dispatches which contradict and cancel one another and leave him in a state of confusion.

The headlines, too, need rigorous revision downward. They are often unintelligible, ungrammatical, misleading, and unsupported by the reports to which they are annexed. Mr. Taft once said that we were a nation of headline readers: well, then let the headlines correctly summarize the news or the opinions set forth under them!

The public should demand fewer and better editions of the daily papers. It should demand careful and efficient reporting of speeches, meetings, legislative debates. It should demand more accuracy and less objectless speed or hysteria. The world is always full of stirring and interesting and significant things to record and interpret, and the yellow or shallow and flippant newspaper is first of all stupid and in the next place gratuitously immoral. What a chance there is in every community for a self-respecting, well-managed, responsible, truly educational newspaper, and how few such newspapers there are!

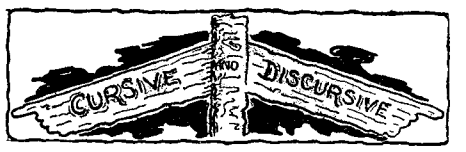
VICTOR S. YARROS.

Chicago.

* *

Until we begin to read war-books with relish and discernment the world is not going to be any better.

—"The Journeyman" in *The Adelphi* (London)



By THE PHOENICIAN

TALK about "infinite riches in a little room," though the room isn't so little at that—the Exhibition of original manuscripts and drawings of English authors from the *Pierpont Morgan* library should immediately be viewed by all true lovers of literature who have not yet seen it. The manuscripts and drawings are on exhibition up to March first. We went from case to case hurriedly, as we only had an hour to spend. We noted how "small and beautiful" *Sam'l Richardson* wrote—but his hand was nothing to the minute precision of that of *Thomas Gray*. *Pope* spelt "Sappho" with one p. *Sterne* wrote a somewhat negligent hand. *Smollett* neatly and *Goldsmith* featly. We skipped the *Burns* case, where many young ladies brooded, noted only that *Chatterton's* hand was undistinguished, and came to *Shelley's* letter to *Byron* regarding *Claire's* letters. There was also the letter to Claire, referring to *Keats's* illness. The words leapt out of the page. Pathetic exhibit, the letter of *Allegra Byron*, addressed to her father, of date September 28, 1821, beginning "Caro il Mio Pappa," traced in a large childish hand after a careful Italian model. Around the case, to Keats, and there was "On First Looking—" and his "God bless you—farewell. John Keats" to *Fanny Brawne*. And there was *Severn's* original sketch of the poet, made at Rome at three o'clock in the morning of that famous January 28, "drawn to keep me awake, a deadly sweat was on him all the night." A drawing in india ink of startlingly lifelike character.

How tiny *Charlotte Brontë* could write, as in "Arthuriana"—and *Browning* himself could write small! But how could any printer decipher *Wilkie Collins?* There was *Stevenson's* "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in rapid script. But we had to turn to the drawings. Whoever said *Thackeray* could not draw? How could the original illustrations to "The Rose and the Ring" possibly be better drawn or more entertainingly tinted! As for *Cruikshank*—what a marvel. Seldom have we seen anything more utterly fascinating than these tiny perfect water-color sketches for "Oliver Twist" or for *Harrison Ainsworth's* "The Miser's Daughter." They should always be reproduced in the original colors by the most expensive color processes! They are too perfect! *Du Maurier's* "Peter Ibbetson" drawings thrilled us too, though the "Trilby" ones, large in size, and, it is possible, overfamiliar, did not convey the same sensation. In a flash we had spent over an hour in this remarkable room—and we fled. And we haven't even mentioned a tithe of what we saw!

* *

Just published is *H. G. Wells's* "A Year of Prophesying," in which he declares that, compared with other countries, the common citizen of Britain is well educated and well-informed, better educated and better informed than the average American common citizen. Any takers?

* *

Nesta Webster, whose "French Revolution" aroused controversy, and who is a most aristocratic conservative of a type that is anathema to many liberals, has just brought out "Secret Societies and Subversive Movements," in which she endeavors to prove that behind the revolutionary movements of the world are secret organizations that have been conspiring for ages to undermine Christian civilization. European Freemasonry is a principal object of attack in this heavily documented book.

* *

Dorothy Canfield Fisher has delivered to her publishers the MS. of her "Made to Order Stories," and has arranged for the publication of a new novel on which she has been at work since her return from France last summer.

* *

Sometimes the plying of a pen never venal seems to pay, artistic integrity to reap monetary reward. At least, the estate of the late *Anatole France* is valued at over one million dollars at the present rate of exchange, his "Red Lily" ran in French alone into 398 editions, and "Thaïs" seconded it with 270.

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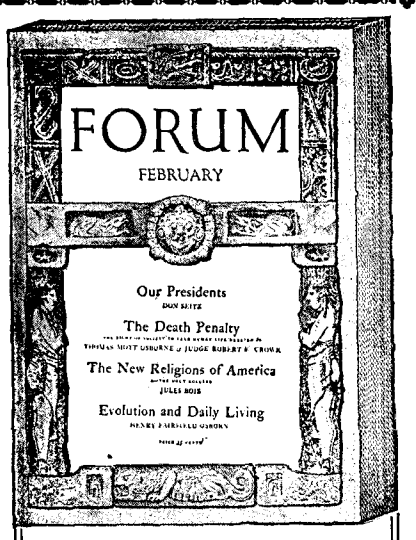

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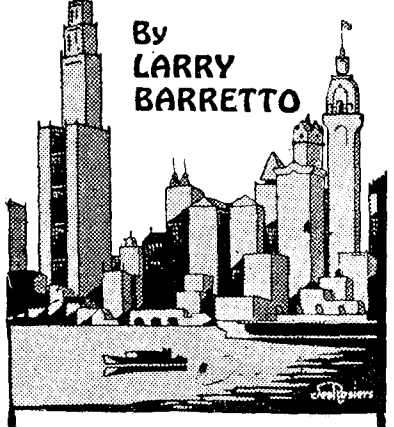

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

ANNETTE AND SYLVIE. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. (Holt.)

ON THE ROAD WITH WELLINGTON. By A. L. F. SCHAUMANN. (Knopf.)

THE REFORGING OF RUSSIA. By EDWIN WARE HULLINGER. (Dutton.)

HERE I get a perfectly justifiable protest from the United States Government. M. I. G., speaking for the U. S. Geological Survey, says "In these days of government economy, do please, at least, give us credit for what we do accomplish, as for instance in publishing those "topographical maps so useful for walking trips." It was a slip of the mind, rather than the pen, that made me say "geodetic" survey. The next time you want to go anywhere, take it from a grateful pedestrian, provide yourself with the maps prepared by the U. S. Geological Survey.

E. F., Hagerstown, Md., is preparing a paper on "Our Debt to Ibsen."

IF you get "A Study of Modern Drama," by Barrett H. Clark (Appleton), you will not only have a chapter on Ibsen, with biography, notes, and references and an excellent scheme for study of his plays by clubs or individuals, but similar chapters on all the significant dramatists from Ibsen to the present day. Drama study clubs will welcome this revised and much enlarged version of a manual whose excellence they have already tested. There is a chapter on Ibsen in Nellie Burget Miller's manual for drama clubs, "The living Drama" (Century), which I lately recommended. I am already hearing from clubs who find this handbook valuable.

A. F., New York, asks for books on cooking.

IT may look like a counsel of perfection to advise a cook-book that must weigh a couple of pounds and costs five dollars. But repeated experiences with Isabel Ely Lord's "Everybody's Cook Book" (Holt) has made me place it beside Mrs. Post's "Etiquette" (Funk & Wagnalls) on the shelf, as the book that corresponds to this other indispensable and expensive work in its own field. Everything is here, and so arranged that you find it at once; it is saving money to buy it instead of half a dozen smaller ones. It is from the Household Science School of Pratt Institute.

P. M. W., Lakeland, Florida, asks for inspirational material for short addresses.

"THE Editor and His People," by William Allen White (Macmillan), is a collection of his editorials, including the one that won the Pulitzer Prize for the best editorial article of the year. Some are very short, none are very long, and all are full of common-sense, high spirits, and a genuine interest in everyday life. Along other lines, "Literary Vespers," by Edgar White Burrill (Duffield), would be inspiring. This is the book form of the distinctive literary services so popular on Sunday afternoons in New York for the past three years. Radio listeners to these have asked me before if they were in print, and *W. A. C., Kingston, British West Indies*, will please note that there are to be three more series after this one, whose special title is "Altars of Aspiration."

T. W. H., Engelmine, Cal., says that a year's residence and extensive travel in Mexico convinced him that the best books on the subject were "The People of Mexico" (Harper) and "The Mexican Mind," by Wallace Thompson. They were first brought to his notice by ex-Governor Tom Campbell of Arizona; he finds them both reliable and interesting. This correspondent, T. W. Huntington, Jr., has made a bibliography, "Ancient Rome and Modern Italy", that would interest any student or intending resident. *M. F. B., Dakota Wesleyan University*, recommends "Shakespeare's London" by Henry Thew Stephenson, to the inquirer on that subject. It was published by Bobbs-Merrill in 1905, but is now out of print. Professor Stephenson is head of the English department of Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, and author of "The Elizabethan People" and "Handbook of Shakespeare."

Z. D. D., Fort Worth, Texas, asks for recently published books on essays and essayists.

THE recent revival of popular interest in this form of literature has brought out many books, but for a good beginning two will be found especially useful: "Essays and Essay Writing," edited by W. M. Tanner (Atlantic Monthly Press), an unusually stimulating and practical text-book, with an introduction on the development of the form, and the two volumes, each complete in itself, of Christopher Morley's "Modern Essays" (Harcourt, Brace) selected with an eye to variety as well as to merit, and furnished with introductions to each one.

N. D. R., Yonkers, N. Y., is to write a paper on "Supernatural Beings in Fiction," especially of the last generation in England.

THE most thoroughgoing treatment the subject has received in a single volume is in Dorothy Scarborough's "The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction" (Putnam).

J. W. R., Dallas, Tex., asks for histories and descriptions of slave trade with America with conditions in Africa at that time.

THE excellent bibliography appended to Benjamin Brawley's "Social History of the American Negro" (Macmillan) has titles that will interest this reader. For one engaged in original research, the best accounts of the African slave trade will be found in the various reports of Committees made to the British Parliament late in the eighteenth century.

S. L. G., New York, asks where to find the source of "'tis love that makes the world go 'round" and when I find it given, in "Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations" (Funk & Wagnalls) as "Chasńsons Nationales et Populaires de France," vol. 2, p. 180, about 1821, I pass it on, though I saw it years ago for the first time as a motto for one of Thomas Hood's pieces, labelled "Old Song." But when *C. R. Kenwood, N. Y.*, "writes that she is haunted to the point of exasperation by the fragment . . . who fished the Murex up . . . I cannot lay that ghost, or tell her whether it be "classical or sheer nonsense." It sounds as if it should be sung to the tune about the "man who wakes the bugler up." This department does not search quotations, but now and again one does crash the lines like this.

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HOW many times have we been present at desultory discussions concerning what might be done for certain writers improperly appreciated by the general public, for writers of real talent just beginning to emerge from the hordes of those who attempt to write, for reputations just beginning to flicker and for lights hidden beneath a bushel. In our time we have read manuscripts that if set end to end—you know the old linear measurement. "Rarely, rarely comest thou, spirit of delight"—indeed, how rarely! But there are certain reputations that have a way of getting mislaid, there are certain writers of high potentiality that, for want of one spur or another, wander out into the waste of comparative failure and are lost. There are all around us, every day, if we had the eyes of Argus and the arms of Briareus, published stories or sketches that might lead us to discovering craftsmen who would actually add to literature, that might make one of our thousand eyes—provided we had them—flash alight, or one of our thousand hands clutch. So little a thing may sometimes snuff the flame of true, if at the time tenuous, inspiration, and so often the persistent blundering of critics may leave a writer grossly misjudged until long after his lifetime.

It is said that no really good work long lacks recognition as such. That is probably true if you mean a certain recognition among the few. But many fine writers have long lacked the proper public recognition. Many a crowd has followed a blaring bandwagon after a forsome-reason popular author while some vastly better contemporary writer remained in the shadow. Yet, all this being admitted, how is one going to institute any method for the prevention of this kind of thing, how is one to maintain an absolutely correct perspective on literary work of the day? What critic, what appraiser is infallible in regard to books published? And how is one to organize a league for discovering new authors, which would really prove of service to literature?

We come down, as usual, merely to a series of interrogation points. The problem is too vexed. Yet it does seem to us that, in general, the profession of what we might call The Literary Scout, might be developed beyond its present status in the magazine and publishing business. We doubt very much whether there is enough thorough-going systematized effort in this direction in most of the editorial offices and publishing houses. There is too much dependence upon the day's grist of manuscripts, upon the merely desultory outside reading of professional readers, editors, and members of the firm. We doubt if the reading to discover new writers and to unearth overlooked authors of merit is carried out with anything like the thoroughness that the Moving Picture people, for instance, demonstrate in the reading of contemporary fiction for possible popular moving pictures. We may be wrong. But we wonder,—for we are all for a more thorough organization of literary scouting. We are all for seeing hundreds of literary beagles with their noses to the trail of possible genius.

We have served on magazines and in editorial offices, and we believe the charge of desultoriness in outside reading is not an entirely inane one. Many contacts are made. Through friends of friends of friends often new talent is unearthed. But one could hardly say that there was anything systematized about the hunt. Perhaps the process of securing fiction for our best magazines is not susceptible of that sort of systematization. Perhaps the theory that the major part of the best writing of the day will eventually come to the desk of the Editor of ———'s Monthly is an entirely tenable one. And yet, as we glance through temporary magazines, there seems to be a considerable run on the same names as there is, certainly, upon the same themes. And then genius often has a way of most perversely hiding itself in the oddest places and biding its time most temperamentally.

As to endowment schemes for talent, we are against them. We do not sufficiently trust human nature. Nor do we believe that they would benefit actual genius, which has an odd way of making its gains against the most insufferable kind of obstacles. But may the quick-wittedness of publishers and editors be stimulated! We have had to do with too many of them who could not tell a hawk from a handsaw until somebody else perceived what *they* should have perceived in the beginning. Then waxed they very sapient. Heavenly hindsight!

If we were editor of a magazine of creative writing, we would pursue all the odd trails,—and we might go as far astray as Ford Madox Ford, who perceives that things are stirring but not exactly what things or which really are. We should endeavor to make drunken our contributors' imaginations, promise them the millenium in a few hours, anything to set their fancies truly free. What a wildly impractical idea! Yes it is; for, with a flash of common-sense through our day-dreaming, we realize that authors are indeed kittle cattle.

Of course, in concluding these grumblings of ours, we feel that we should exempt a number of the editors and publishers of our acquaintance. We could tabulate too many instances of astuteness and acumen on their parts to allow you to escape with the idea that we think the publishing houses and editorial offices in general in the hands of those who do not know their business. We also know a number of extremely able literary sleuths. Shall we shift our arraignment then against the long-suffering Common Peepul, that F. Opper used always to caricature as "getting it in the neck"? Are they alone responsible for the burying of real talent, the prevention of genius? The average Reader's lack of cultivated taste is no doubt partly to blame. But then, is our own taste so impeccable?

Does not the answer to the whole problem we have muddled over resolve itself into the stimulation in America, on every side, (in the publishing house, in the editorial office, in the public libary, in the home) of a more generally vital interest in literature, in books not as mere narcotics or mental bric-a-brac or cures for insomnia, but as the creators of a greater public intelligence, which is more fundamental even, to the growth of civilization, than cleaner streets, better parks, more apartment houses, the wider distribution of toothpastes, cigarettes, automobiles, radio sets, beauty devices, player-pianos, correspondence courses, or sure-fire reducers? An increase in the general intelligence would certainly less and less permit improperly-recognized talent to escape the net.

W. R. B.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

SALE OF STURDIVANT LIBRARY.

THE library of Miss Florence Sturdivant, of Boston, consisting of a wide range of rarities from Homer, 1488, to Kelmscott Chaucer, 1896, manuscripts from the sixteenth to the twentieth century, fine sets of standard authors, early and modern first editions, together with additions, were sold at the American Art Galleries, January 20, and 21, 610 lots bringing $82,633, making this one of the most important sales of the year. Notwithstanding the mixed character of the sale, prices generally were satisfactory, and frequently high.

A few of the most important lots and the prices realized were the following:

Clemens (S. L.) "Writings," 25 vols., 8vo, levant, Hartford, 1899-1907. Autograph edition with author's signature in Vol. I and one page of manuscript. $800.

Dickens (Charles). "Works," 40 vols., 8vo, levant, London, 1906-1908. The National edition, $1,000.

Disraeli (Benjamin). "Works," 20 vols., 8vo, morocco, New York, 1904. The Peers' edition. $870.

Homer, "Opera," folio, levant by Duru, Florence, 1488. Fine copy of the *editio princeps*. $1,650.

Illuminated MS. "Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, cum Calendario," beautifully written in medium Gothic, with 56 beautiful miniatures, 8vo, levant, *Circa*, 1450-1475. $1,400.

Persian MS. "Khamsa Nizami," the five poems of Nizami, brilliantly illuminated in colors and gold, folio, russia, *Circa*, 1570. An oriental manuscript of great beauty. $1,350.

Napoleonic Memoirs. "Life of Napoleon," by Hazlitt; "Memoirs of Madam Junot"; "Memoirs of Napoleon," by Bourienne; in all, 32 vols., extra-illustrated, 8vo, levant, London, n. d. $1,100.

Illuminated MS. "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," manuscript on vellum designed, written, and illuminated by Sister Mary Gertrude Cameron, with hand-painted frontispiece and miniatures, 4to, in a beautiful jewelled binding by Reviere, London, 1920. $1,500.

Presidents' Autographs. A complete collection of A.L.S. and A.D.S. of the Presidents from Washington to Harding, inclusive, bound in a 4to vol. levant, a fine collection. $950.

Shakespeare. "Comedies, Histories and Tragedies," folio, levant by Reviere, 1632. The Second Folio. $975.

Shakespeare. "The Potency of Love," an anthology, a beautiful modern manuscript by Alberto Sangorski, 4to, in an appropriate binding by Reviere, London, 1919-1921. $2,100.

Spenser (Edmund). "The Faerie Queene," 2 vols., small 4to, levant by Bedford, London, 1590-1596. $930.

Stevenson (R. L.) A unique collection of letters, portraits, and personal relics, enclosed in a morocco box. A most remarkable association item. $950.

Symonds (John Addington). A collected set of first editions, 52 vols., extended to 68 vols., 8vo and 12mo, three-quarters levant, London, Oxford, and Bristol, 1857-1902. Nearly all first editions. $700.

Thackeray (W. M.). "Vanity Fair," 20 parts in 19, 8vo, original yellow wrappers, London, 1847-'48. First issue of the first edition. $900.

Walpole (Horace). "Letters," edited by Peter Cunningham, extra-illustrated, 9 vols. extended to 27 vols., 8vo, levant by Reviere, London, 1857-'59. $900.

Walton and Cotton. "The Complete Angler," extra-illustrated, 2 vols. extended to 11 vols., royal 8vo, three-quarters levant, New York, 1880. Large paper edition. $1,450.

SALE OF AMERICANA.

RARE Americana from the collection of the late George E. Hoadley, of Hartford, Conn., and first editions of early American fiction from the library of John D. Lindsay, of this city, were sold at the Anderson Galleries January 19, 20, and 21, 783 lots fetching $11,342.85. Interest centered in an autograph receipt book used by Captain Nathan Hale in the Revolutionary War, the most important autographic item of the patriot spy ever offered for sale. This little book, of the autograph album type, is of the greatest association interest, connecting Hale with the American cause, and also with his fiancée, Alicia Adams Ripley, to whom this book descended after the execution of her betrothed. This incomparable item went to Dr. Rosenbach for $4,250. Dr. Rosenbach also paid $525 for an autograph poem of twenty-eight lines written by Hale to Alicia Ripley. Other important items and the prices realized were the following: John McCulloch's "Introduction to the History of America," small 8vo, levant, Philadelphia, 1787, containing the first engraved map of the western territories, $210; *The Friend*, a monthly journal, 40 vols., 4to, half leather, Honolulu, 1844-'83, most complete set ever offered, $310; Alexander Hamilton's "The Farmer Refuted," etc., 8vo, sheets, New York, 1775, written by Hamilton when eighteen years of age, $125; an Indian treaty held at the Town of Lancaster, Penn., June, 1744, with Indians of the Six Nations, folio, panelled calf, Philadelphia, 1744, printed and sold by Benjamin Franklin, $210; "Acts Passed by the Seventh Legislature of the State of Louisiana, at its Second Session, held and begun in the City of Shreveport, on the 16th day of July, 1865," 8vo, wrappers, Shreveport, 1865, one of three known copies, $265; and "Laws of the Territory of the United States North-West of the Ohio," small 4to, canvas, Cincinnati, 1796, first book printed in Cincinnati and the North-West Territory, $310.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A BUST of the French poet Verlaine will be unveiled in Metz, his birthplace, in April.

* * *

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